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THE

MAN OF SORROW.

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THE
MAN OF SORROW.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ALFRED ALLENDALE, ESQ.

"He was a MAN OF SORROW, and acquainted with Grief."

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR SAMUEL TIPPER,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1808.

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CHAPTER I.

To discover the longitude, the philosopher's stone, perpetual motion, the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, or the causes of wind, has long been the study of the chemist, the navigator, and the mechanic; but to fathom the mind of woman is a task more arduous by far.

Who could have supposed after having heard that Harriet Vincent had *eloped* with one man in December, that she would have married another in February.

Not one of my readers, I trust, even

imagined such a circumstance possible ; poor Musgrave himself doubted it, till, returning to town, the accounts he received from Fanny, and her friend, and his own experience gained in the journey to Yarmouth, confirmed him in his fears, and threw him into the most miserable situation in the world.

He resolved, however, not to be too rash in his conclusions, and therefore made it his business, soon after his return to the metropolis, to call upon Miss Hammond, Harriet's bosom friend, and enquire into the truth or falsehood of the reports he had heard, and ascertain the precise fact, and its concomitant circumstance. There could be no doubt of the immediate event having taken place ; by his own knowledge he had ascertained that, for he had heard

“ The merry bells ring round,
“ And the joyous rebecks sound ;”

and in the peal of mirth had received a wound, never to be healed.

Wishing, however, for the melancholy satisfaction which a certain account of all the business would inevitably afford him, he proceeded to the house of Miss Hammond's father, for whom enquiring he was told that all the family were down at their country seat, except Miss Lucy, who was (the servant believed) in Norfolk, on a visit to a new married lady in the capacity of bride's-maid.

Here ended every hope, the news struck like lightning to his heart ; and, doubtful how to act, he returned to Miss Wilding, who had actually sufficient art to engage his affections as a friend by her apparent sorrow at his disappointment.

Edward felt not only grieved, but angry at this proof of falsehood in Harriet ; " what an unprincipled creature must she be," thought he, " to have thrown herself into my arms as a wife without any affection for me ; and surely she could not have felt any thing like love, if an absence

of two months, could make her entirely forget me.”

“ I know,” thought he, “ that Mrs. Vincent is violent, that she can be passionate,—that Harriet is both amiable and obedient; but either I have been totally deceived by *her*, or *she* has been deluded by her mother, if she has now been compelled to marry against her will,—that was an action she never suspected her parent of.—Indeed she has often said that though she might not be allowed the man she loved, she was perfectly confident she should never be forced to accept one she did not.”

Poor Mr. Edward Musgrave—his knowledge of females is but very small—Of his parts it is impossible for us to form a judgment, but, be his capabilities what they may, it appears as if it required a greater share of penetration than his, to fathom a woman.

Edward, however, with all his love,

had in his composition gall enough to urge him to something like revenge in his conduct toward his faithless fair ; and it was not long before he resolved to prove to her and to the world, with what fortitude he could bear her deception, and with what philosophy he could forget it—by marrying another.

“Ταμὸν καὶ ἀνθρώποισιν εὐχέλαιον κακόν.”

and Edward resolved to become one of Hymen's votaries ; he felt at the moment he came to the determination that he never could love any woman with the ardour he had loved Harriet, but he had allowed the spirit of retaliation to get the better of his judgment, and he was

“ Fixed, irrevocably fixed ; ”—

In his confined circle of acquaintance there were but few young women with whom he had many opportunities of conversing so as to judge of their private and domestic qualifications for wives ; and as

habit perpetuated becomes a sort of second nature, it was not surprising that upon forming this scheme of matrimony he should turn his mind towards Fanny Wilding.

This girl had so far compassed her design of subduing Musgrave, that she had actually made him think himself deceived in her when he had formed his opinion of her so harshly at their first interview, and by degrees in the course of a month's intimacy she had deluded him into the firm conviction of her amiability, weighing the which in the same scale with her talents and accomplishments, it turned the beam entirely in her favour; in the opposing one, to be sure, he placed a tolerable smattering of affectation, levity and instability—but by the laws of gravitation, levity was but a *light* objection, and Fanny *seemed* to be the object of his choice.

Thus it was, then, that from a spirit of revenge he determined to unite himself with the young woman he had once de-

spised, and forming his conduct not on the

“Aut Cæsar aut nullus,”

doctrine, since he could not obtain an angel, took up with a——— a what? —no, no, there are no such things as she-devils! therefore I shall simply say, —with an *animated girl*.—*Mutato nomine* and that’s all.—

In wedlock and its pursuits, there is a sort of infatuation, a blind impulse, by which men are led or rather driven to their fate without consideration or reflection. And our hero was affected by its influence to a very great degree. Edward was not one of those young men who are unsettled general lovers, and who

“Range every hour,

“And sip every flower.”

He was very tenacious of his affections, it was long before they were gained, and naturally long before they could be lost, and though it may appear extraordinary, it was entirely from the strength of his

love for *Harriet* that he was going to marry *Fanny*, for it was the consciousness of his own constancy that tempted him to take revenge for her fickleness.

I can hardly refrain here from saying a word or two to my female readers on the subject of lovers. And I am sure whoever may happen to be their well-wishers, will give me their thanks for my so doing.

Young girls are allowed to be credulous, but their credulity is not attributable to folly or to weakness—it is the result of innocence; free from deception themselves they are unapt to suspect it in others, and when they see a man not disagreeable to them, imploring their affection and vowing eternal constancy and truth, their hearts, sweet compositions of real innocence, compassion, and sympathy melt into compliance from a conviction that mercy, the

“Attribute of thrones,”

is the sweetest gift a mortal can bestow ;

and with that ingenuousness which they are taught to expect, they often yield their affections to men who gain them only to boast of them, and who use the knowledge of their possessing them only as the means of robbing the fair donors of the innocence with which they bestowed them.

There are as many different species of suitors as of any other animals in the world; there is the interested lover, who sees in a girl no sterling charms but her guineas, no beauty but in a *handsome* income, no good *property* but that which is *funded*, and has no desire to enter the *estate* of matrimony but as it may give him power over any other *estates* the young lady may have the good luck to possess.

Then the general lover is another amiable character, and, I grieve to say, not an uncommon one.—A man who fixes himself upon the prettiest girl in a room and devotes himself for the evening to her service, pretends a most desperate attachment, and in pursuing her homeward to

forward his acquaintance, in the pursuit, meets another lady who flashing a pair of sparkling black eyes full in his face, instantly induces him to relinquish the object of his adoration, and, turning short down the first street he comes to, he as ardently pursues the brunette he never saw before in his life.

This is pretty sport enough for him— But I am apt to suppose encouragement alone induces it, and if young women suffer liberties to be taken with them promiscuously, they must take the consequence.

Then there is the *harmless* lover,—and I would caution all fair nymphs against encouraging him for a very different reason, however, from that which would induce a prohibition of advances in the others.

I have the happiness of being acquainted with one such, and I will give you a description of him that it may serve as a beacon to warn all lovely maids from suffering him to approach them.

This gentleman—a rare specimen of the breed, (heaven grant him *unique*)—is what I should term a journeyman lover—and works very hard at the business too—for I have known him confess himself the admirer of six pretty girls in as many minutes.

It is the opinion (at any rate) of poets and sonnetteers, that sighs are incitements to the tender passion. But, be it considered that *a pair of bellows* (pardon the simile) affects a fire not because it is a pair of bellows, but because it is used with force and discretion, and by the same rule a collection of sighs oosing forth from the mouth of a dying swain, who is a fool, can have no greater effect upon the heart of a lady, than a forge would upon a blacksmith's fire, if the attempt to expel its breath was made by a child of five years old.

My friend, however, is of a different opinion, and is perpetually afflicted with that sort of *amorous flatulency* which vents itself in mournful moans, and by means of this

“Gentle air the breath of lovers,”
ever since he was breeched he has been endeavouring to inspire some fair nymph of his acquaintance with the heavenly sentiment he has himself so often been in possession of—but alas ! in vain.

Wherever he is,—there he is in love—practising eternally upon every body he thinks capable of conception,—I mean *mental* conception, for I do believe his affections are platonic, at least his very mode of making love gives the idea ;—for it is his custom to woo a maiden by reading Werter to her at six yards distance. Like Virgil’s bulls might as well be

“Post montem oppositum et trans flumina lata”
for all the effect such an oratorical display ever has upon his hearers.

No no—ladies, I am no advocate for the love-making system at all. But if you do indulge in it, let your adorer be able to court you *without book*, and not at so great a distance; one yard’s length is quite enough between you.

Naturally will my female readers say—what are we to have no lovers?—certainly, aye; for as the French song, beginning with

“ Ah vous dirais je mon maman,”

states,—girls cannot do without them.* And therefore as it is an inevitable evil, I will direct you in your choice of him you are to accept with the same candour as I have warned you of those you are to shun.

The man who in my opinion is calculated to make a woman happy as a husband, and who is consequently the man to be favoured and received as a lover, is he, who with mind enough to guard against the crafts of the world, and simplicity

* The fashionable airs of the day are remarkably adapted for inculcating fashionable ideas.—This very rondo, I am afraid, contains some terrible doctrine, for I once asked the prettiest girl in England to sing it through to me and she would not—I thought I would not press it—but though I was very curious to know what it was she objected to, I never have met with the song since.—Fair readers if you have it—turn to it and see.

enough to be free from its vices, possesses talents to delight the understanding and sensibility to warm the heart.

His manners should be elegant without foppery, his conversation rational without pedantry, lively without impropriety, and witty without profaneness, charity should be his companion in all his walks, integrity his guide in all his actions.

Ready to forgive rather than revenge a wrong, he should be truly faithful to his friend and strictly sincere to the woman of his choice, unbiassed in his principles, and independent in his politics, he should be firmly loyal to the KING who governs, and implicitly devoted to the God who protects him.

Such claims, fair ladies, are just ones, such are the requisites for a lover—for a husband ; that few of us possess them, I fear me much—but if you can meet with such a man let *him* be *favoured* rather than any of the gentry I have mentioned before, who merely make love for amusement or interest,

and who, instead of any idea of social happiness or domestic comfort, look only to the *ruin* of those they address or the salvation of themselves from it by the assistance of their fortunes and connexions. For this digression of mine, having made suitable apologies, I recur to Edward, who for the first fortnight after his return to town and his enquiry at the Hammonds was perpetually in the society of Fanny Wilding, watched her attention to him when he spoke of his sorrow, saw the tear standing in her eye when he recounted his misfortunes, noticed the tenderness with which she touched upon the subject of his elopement and duel, and began from a constant intercourse to regard her as his dearest friend.

Her affection kept pace with her art, and it was at the time when her attachment became unconquerable for Musgrave, that the *animated young lady* was greatly surprised by his catching her round the waist

when he was left alone with her and declaring himself her fervent admirer.

It was a thunder-stroke to Fanny—A stroke she had long wished for, but little expected, she had triumphed over Harriet—*Victoria* was the word, and the glance of exultation beamed in her eye.

She received the annunciation of his passion without much reserve or the affectation of it. She had read the History of England, had heard of one Mr. Oliver Cromwell, and how he refused the crown *once* too often, she determined not to fall into the same error with respect to Musgrave; the only effectual way of preventing which was not *to refuse him at all*; she talked of Lady Rosemore's consent, hinted that even if it was refused, he *knew* the road to Scotland, and that she would follow him all over the world.

This return so warm, so enthusiastic Edward had hardly expected, so that if the offer was a surprize to one, the prompt ac-

ceptance of it was as great a subject for astonishment to the other.

Our hero when the *denouement* had taken place still had Harriet before his eyes, thought of her taper form as he encircled the less Venus-like waist of Fanny, saw her angelic countenance while he was gazing on another, and sported with her beautiful light and flowing hair as he parted the jetty ringlets on Miss Wilding's forehead.

But still he felt that *next* to her he had *lost* he could esteem her he had just *found*, and having made up his mind resolutely to revenge, he no sooner left the apartment of his intended, than he proceeded to Lord Rosemore's library, and, having stated the circumstances, made a full confession of his attachment and an honourable offer of his hand to Fanny. The result of which action we shall see hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

UPON Edward's disclosure of his sentiments, the Earl appeared somewhat surprised, knowing his attachment to Miss Vincent, and the unpleasant events which had occurred to him in consequence of it, and could not help questioning him as to the sudden change which had taken place in his ideas and pursuits.

Edward frankly confessed the whole affair, and having satisfied the noble Earl upon the subject, he gave him his opinion as it related to the propriety of his uniting himself with Fanny.

"Miss Wilding," said Lord Rosemore "is an *élève* of the Countess's. She is the daughter of a very honest respectable clergyman in Cornwall, who has the rectory of a village where we resided at the

time of my daughter Eliza's death ; the event weighing hard upon Lady Rosemore's spirits this girl, then of the same age as our child, attracted her attention from an imaginary likeness to it, and having requested and gained permission of her father to treat her as one of our family, she has been an inmate ever since ; she has proved an agreeable companion for my daughter Lady Belmont, and has never left us, except for an annual visit which she regularly pays her parent in the course of the summer.

“ That you will find her perfectly amiable I have no doubt, she is a fine *animated* girl—never out of spirits—*volatile—accomplished, gay and entertaining*, she is the *life of every company she enters*, and her *natural vivacity* is such that she seldom *knows what it is to be dull*.—There is, sir, but one objection, which, however, I trust is not insurmountable, a want of fortune. It is only on my discretion and will she relies for any thing like proper-

ty, but you upon a second application to Lord Glenstore have every chance of succeeding to some excellent situation ; and as I have a great regard for you I shall not hesitate to give my consent and five thousand pounds into the bargain."

Edward received the affirmative monosyllable that stamped his fate, with the greatest joy, and ran to the enchanted Fanny to inform her of his success ; she imparted it immediately to Miss Sensitive, Miss Sensitive whispered it to Adolphe, the footman overheard the story, he informed the countess's maid, she immediately carried it to her mistress, and before dinner-time it was buzzed through the whole household that Mr. Musgrave was going to be married to Miss Wilding.

Can it be possible?—Can a man so firmly, so inviolably attached to one, give his hand to another? yes, for circumstances are altered.—Harriet has played him false, —and he seeks revenge.

The principle on which he acted was

that of Mrs. Ashfield in Morton's excellent comedy of *Speed the Plough*.—He did not feel this marriage as an event which materially concerned *himself*, he only looked to the effect it would have upon Harriet.—“What will Mrs. Grundy say!” is the farmer's wife's consideration, and in a similar manner, and with the same sentiments, while the preparations for this unnatural union were going forward he would exclaim—“What will Harriet Vincent say?”

“She has played the jilt,” said he, “and she fancies because I loved her while she was true, that I shall die for her loss now she is false; but no, she shall see what my conduct will be, and in this wedding I will prove to her my contempt for her and my admiration for another.”

In the course of the week previous to the nuptials taking place, which according to Edward's desire were to be solemnized immediately, a situation of responsibility and value under the crown became va-

cant, and Lord Rosemore conceiving it to be in the immediate gift of Lord Glenstore advised Edward to apply to him for it ; he accordingly called, mentioned his business, was received with the greatest cordiality, and told that it was not in the department in which his lordship presided.

Lord Rosemore upon this reply told Edward that he thought there could be no way in which he could so advantageously dispose of some part of the money he meant as a portion for Fanny as in purchasing this situation, if it was feasible.— Edward consulted his attorney, was assured of the possibility, and upon the Earl's telling him that he would advance the cash immediately, he advertised in the morning papers that four thousand guineas would be immediately given for an equivalent situation under government, the only method by which, without an allusion too pointed, he could at all compass the design of obtaining the place he desired.

Three days passed and no answer was returned to the advertisement, till at length a letter was left at the place mentioned in the paper, of which letter the following is a copy.

“ If the gentleman who advertised in the Morning Chronicle of last Thursday, offering four thousand guineas for a situation under government, will call at the British Coffee-House this evening at nine o'clock and enquire for Mr. Villandon, he will meet with a gentleman who will treat with him.”

Edward immediately communicated the circumstance to his patron the Earl, who advised him by all means to attend the appointment, which he accordingly did, and having made the proper enquiries at the tavern was introduced by the waiter to Mr. Villandon the gentleman he sought.

They immediately entered upon business, and Musgrave as he expected, found that the place now offered for sale was the one he was in quest of; ignorant there-

fore who the person might be in whose patronage the situation was, the preliminaries were concluded, and a meeting fixed for the next evening at the same hour.

Lord Rosemore, on receiving information from Musgrave of his proceedings, gave him a draft for the whole five thousand pounds he had promised him, proving thereby that he had as great a reliance upon Musgrave's honor as he had regard for his own word.

Edward proceeded to the banker's, received the money in bank notes, and taking with him his attorney, the agent met them a second time, when he presented Edward with the patent of the place; and, receiving of him the sum proffered, they took their leaves of each other without any farther ceremony; our hero well pleased with being in possession of so excellent a post, and Mr. Villandon not less so at having got the money for his principal.

Edward had now left in his hands of his future wife's fortune, eight hundred

pounds, which he the next morning paid into Hammersley's, with a determination to begin the world by saving money.

A remarkable, though trivial circumstance, occurred during the conclusion of the negociation between Musgrave and Villandon, for as the notes assigned to the agent were laying on the table, he by accident upset the inkstand on one of those of five pounds, which were among the number collected to make up the odd two hundred pounds in the sum.

Villandon observed that he feared the note would be lost, adding that he should not object to it, as it was by his folly and carelessness it had been spoiled.

This, like many other incidents of Musgrave in life, was in itself nothing—the discoveries it led to, were, however, material.

The following evening lady Rosemore gave one of her splendid parties, the carriages of whose frequenters blocked up all the streets in the vicinity, and which had

been announced to the town three weeks before through the medium of the following paragraph, which appeared in the Morning Post, and which was written, sent, and paid for by her ladyship herself.

“ *Haut Ton.*

“ We understand the elegant lady Rosemore is to take the lead in the gay world this season, her ladyship is well calculated to be the arbitress of fashion; her exquisite taste so eminently displayed in the fitting up of her superb mansion in Berkeley-square gives her precedence in the court of genius of all the nobility of the country.

“ Her *tables* and *chairs* are superior to every body's, and indeed all the *conveniences* and *necessaries* of life are blended with the luxuries of modern refinement, so delightfully, that under the direction of Oakley, her house will be a *paradise*.

“ This superb building has had a conservatory 70 feet long added to the large

drawing room, and when it is illuminated it gives an exquisite coolness to the suite of apartments which are to be opened, we hear, with a party early in March.—All the fashion in town are invited.”

This puff-preliminary having prepared the minds of the gay world for something great, the rooms began to fill early and before eleven moving was perfectly impracticable.

When folly, dulness and absurdity club together to form a groupe, they meet always in a large fashionable party—squeezed so closely that neither their legs nor arms can by any chance be moved; four or five hundred persons are jammed together in two or three rooms without individually caring for, or being cared for by, any one single soul in the whole assembly.

The conversation confined to something of this sort of question and answer:

“How dyc do?”—“Pretty well, thank ye!”

—“How are you?”—“Very well, I am

obliged to you.”—“ It’s very hot.”—
“ Dreadful.”—How long have you been
here?”—“ About ten minutes.”—“ Are
you going to the Duchess of Mattlebo-
rough’s?”—“ No.”—“ I am obliged to sup
with Lady Hammerton.”—“ Good night,
then.”—“ God bless you.”—“ Adieu.”—

This is nearly a verbatim copy of a mod-
ish dialogue, which, with a very few vari-
ations, according to circumstances, forms
the amusement of the evening.—How de-
lightful it is when a communication of
idea and an exchange of *sentiment, ingenu-
ous* and unreserved like this, render so-
ciety delightful and lend new attractions
to the charms of women and new lustre to
the talents of men !—

Among the company invited was Lord
Glenstore and his lady, and no sooner did
they arrive than Lord Rosemore told his
noble friend that Edward had succeeded
in obtaining a situation of eminence under
the crown, by purchase; adding that he was

sorry he had troubled his lordship with an application for it, as he found it was in the gift of another person.

Lord Glenstore appeared a little astonished ; but recovering from something between surprize and confusion, into which he had fallen, he congratulated Edward upon his good fortune, as he happened to join the party in which the peers were standing.

As the gentlemen, now four in number, preferred cards to such conversation as that which was going forward in the rooms, a rubber was proposed by the host and agreed to by all his guests, and they accordingly repaired to a *boudoir* of the countess's, where one table was placed at which they seated themselves. The earl and Musgrave being partners against lord Glenstore and Mr. Leeson.

The earl and Leeson betted five pounds upon the rubber, and lord Glenstore challenging Edward to a similar stake he felt

he could not well refuse the summons, and accordingly betted with him.

The cards ran favourably for Musgrave and his noble partner; he fancied his luck was universally changed, for at the conclusion of the rubber he found himself the winner of five points and his bet.

Lord Glenstore, on seeing how fate had determined the contest, cursed his ill fortune, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a parcel of loose Bank notes, with two of which he paid Edward the ten pounds he had won of him.

But how was our hero astonished when he received from the hands of the *conscientious* Scots peer the *identical blotted note* he had the preceding evening given to Mr. Villandon, in part of payment for the situation he had just entered; this circumstance caused him some surprize, and he resolved to inform lord Rosemore of the matter, as he could not imagine how it could have happened that a note so recent-

ly paid to an agent should have, fallen into the hands of his lordship.

Enquiries were made by Edward and lord Rosemore ; and upon a close and minute investigation, in which every part of the business was examined into, they ascertained that the *upright* lord Glenstore had actually taken four thousand guineas of Edward, in *the evening*, for a situation which, in *the morning*, he had declared to him with a smile and a squeeze of the hand, he had no interest to obtain, no patronage to *bestow* !—A damning instance of the extraordinary candour of a NOBLE statesman !

Immediately after the loss of the rubber which betrayed him, his lordship sat off for the house of peers, where a question was debating on the subject of *bribery* and *fraud*, and on which he had promised lord Broadville to speak, although he had been playing whist in Berkeley Square during the commencement of the argument ; and had pledged himself to *reply* to oppositionists he had never heard ; a dependant always

took notes of their speeches ; and delivered them to his master as he entered the house, from which, to save himself the trouble of hearing his antagonist, he universally used to form his answers.

Oh what an independent assembly of British worthies !—In one month, a man sitting on the left hand side of the house, can command a magnificent majority, who in the course of the next, having taken his place on the right, although he expresses the *same* opinions, under the *same* circumstances to the *same men*, waddles off like a decoy duck, followed by a glorious company of some half dozen members, because he is out, while his opponents who thirty days before were in a similar situation, remain a fixed phalanx of an hundred and fifty :—only because they are IN !

This circumstance of discovery gave neither our hero nor his patron much concern, the place he *did* possess, and fifteen hundred pounds per annum was no bad interest for their money ; consoling them—

selves, therefore, with having made a good bargain of a vile friend, the necessary arrangements for the union of the young people were made, and the Friday following was fixed for the day; Fanny's deportment all the preceding week was very different from what it had been prior to her acquaintance with Edward, and a modest diffidence softened her countenance into something like beauty.

At length the envied day arrived.—The morning sun beamed through Edward's windows and called him to the altar—and not with Harriet.—This was his own reflection, he could not avoid it;—but he checked the remembrance of *her* looks, *her smiles*, as pleasures past, never to return.

Equipping himself therefore gaily for the ceremony which was to bind him to Fanny eternally, he sat out for Berkeley-square, where the service was performed by special licence, by the Dean of——, Lord Rosemore acting the part of father to Miss

Wilding, and Miss Sensitive performing the character of bride's maid.

The awful duty ended, favors flew round the circle of their acquaintance, and with Love and Hymen for their postilions they left town in one of lord Rosemore's travelling carriages for Salt hill, where they proposed passing the first week of the honey-moon.

As Edward left the hotel for Berkeley-square before the ceremony, his servant gave him two letters, which had arrived per post the preceding morning, but our hero by far too much flurried to read tradesmen's bills, which he guessed them to be by their formation, desired the man to put them into his trunk, which he accordingly did.

And now then they are ETERNALLY DIVIDED, the constant Musgrave and the doating Harriet are PARTED FOR EVER.—It appears almost impossible that such events should have taken place, but so it is.—The heroic system of revenge Edward has acted

upon, but by what rule Miss Vincent has measured *her* conduct, we are ignorant; her falsehood has met its own reward, and our hero disdaining farther intercourse with one so fickle, has embraced the fetters of Hymen and turned Benedick.

Hora suavicula et voluptuosa,

Hora blanditis, lepore, risu

Hora deliciis, jocis, susurris

Hora suaviolis parique magnis

O FELIX JUVENIS, PUELLA FELIX !

SECUNDUS.

CHAPTER III.

IN polite life it is absolutely necessary, by the laws of etiquette, that a new married couple should be quite abandoned by their friends and acquaintance for a short time after the ceremony has taken place; therefore, to be perfectly fashionable, after escorting our happy pair to Salt-Hill, we will leave them to their own inventions, and recur to Mary Williams; who, in good truth, we left in rather an unpleasant situation,

Swooning under a tree!

“*Recubans sub tegmine fagi.*”

In this condition the poor girl, luckily for her, happened to be discovered by the house-keeper of the village mansion as she was re-

turning homewards from a tea party at the attorney's, in whose family she was a great favourite, because, like most attornies and their families, Mr. Aylsham and his children loved to get all they could; and, from her situation in Mr. Savage's household, Mrs. Ringer was well calculated to satisfy their cravings.

This keeper of stores and preserver of pickles, was really a most extraordinary character; and her manners, *oultre* as they were, were completely equalled by the oddity of her personal appearance; she had originally been blest with a pair of green eyes; but fate (envious devil) had robbed her of one; her teeth, for she really had two of them, stuck out of her mouth, *a la snaggle*, like the twin tusks of a wild boar, or the little ivory masticators of a roasted hare upon a dinner table.

Her nose took up as great a space of her face, as the empire of Russia does of the map of Europe; for it had been origi-

nally intended for a Cæsaric proboscis, a fine arched aquiline : but, after nature had made her, and put her up to dry, the same evil genius that stole the fiery orb from her visage, gave it a dab and flattened it into a broad unmeaning lump of flesh laying upon her countenance like a veal sweet-bread on a surloin of beef; while, to complete the *contour*, her tresses, corkscrew-like, wound round her antiquated forehead: for,

“ She had heard of wigs,

“ And longed to follow to the church in auburn hair.”

For which reason, the village tonsor had contrived a *crinitory* world of charms, a net of love in whose entangling meshes she expected much to catch the hearts of dying swains.

But, like other great people, she was sometimes mistaken. With all her eccentricities, however, this woman possessed one of the sweetest of human feelings,

COMPASSION. She could not bear to see a fellow-creature in distress, the tear of sorrow in another's eye found a sympathetic companion ready to start from hers : the sigh of misfortune made her bosom heave with that of pity ; and the only fault that could be found with nature when she made her, was, that she had placed such a jewel as her heart in so ugly a casket as her body.

External appearances, therefore, should never be trusted, and instances have occurred before this, where the admiration of a man for a long nose has proved as ill-founded as a disgust for a woman with a wide mouth ; prejudice is abominable.

Mrs. Ringer was as worthy a woman as ever broke bread, and moreover, had not forgotten

“ The joys of her dancing days.”

wherefore, it is hardly necessary to observe, that, seeing as she passed the tree mentioned in a former chapter, the figure

of a female stretched under it, she immediately approached it, and endeavoured to rouse the unfortunate girl from the swoon into which she had fallen, by addressing her in a tone of the greatest mildness.

Mary was conscious that somebody was speaking to her, and essayed to rise—but in vain, nature was exhausted, and refused her assistance; not so Mrs. Ringer, she lifted her up, and having recovered her sufficiently to recal her senses, she made herself acquainted with the reasons of her being there, and kindly offered her a *bed*, a *home*, till matters should be accommodated, which, she had no doubt they soon would be, knowing the benevolence of parents, who, when they have formed violent determinations against their children, have seldom resolution enough to keep them.

Mary accepted the offer she made, and the arm she tendered her, and thus supported, she was led by a *servant's bounty* into the mansion of the man who had *ruined* her.

Mrs. Ringer attended her, watched over her,—sat by her bedside, administered cordials to her, and persuaded her to be patient under her affliction.

In the morning, this kind friend, naturally curious as to the cause of old Williams's conduct, enquired into the reason of his cruelty; poor Mary, innocent in heart and pure in mind, could with difficulty relate the circumstances; but considering that the narrative of simple truth could alone ensure her the compassion of her fellow-creatures, she told her story without concealment; and, at its conclusion, produced from the honest lips of Mrs. Ringer an oath, and an exclamation amounting to an excommunication against her young master, who, she made no hesitation of calling a villain and a rascal.

Under her care, did the amiable deluded Mary remain for three weeks; during which time she was so closely concealed from the inquisitive eye of impertinent strangers, that only one of the domestics

of the family ever knew the place of her retirement.

Her father, resolved upon not hearing of her again, removed from the village early the morning after he had driven her from his house, leaving his farm in charge with the young man he had intended for her husband, and from whose affection she had been estranged by the villainous arts of Savage.

Williams was gone to a neighbouring farmer's house on business, and being pressed to pass some time there, he remained with them nearly a month; during which fatal four weeks he became at sixty-six violently enamoured of his friend's youngest daughter, who in the sequel he married, after having refused to hear of his child, and after having sent back unopened (guessing their authors) two letters addressed to him by Mary and Mrs. Ringer.

Shut out by these reports from all hopes of forgiveness, Mary was somewhat surprised at a visit from George Atkins, the

young man who had formerly paid his addresses to her ; he obtained information of the place of her retreat by means of entreaties used toward the domestic mentioned as being in the secret ; and, shocked at her father's unrelenting harshness, he came to implore her to accept him as her husband.

How did Mary's innate goodness appear; betrayed by ingenuousness, she would not be saved by deception, but on hearing his offer, threw herself upon her knees and turning her eyes towards him exclaimed, "Oh, George—I am a wretched broken hearted girl—had I listened to you at first, we might now have been happy—for I did love you as a friend, and the ties which bound us together as acquaintances, would doubtless have been strengthened by intimacy into a softer attachment; but now George, leave me, do not think of me, I am fallen, lost, an outcast from my sex—the reports you have heard in the village against my character must influence you."

“Not they by my soul,” exclaimed her honest lover;—“not they, Mary, for I am sure they are not true, I know you too well to believe one of them for a moment; and damme if I hear——”

“Hold, hold,”—interrupted Mary—“don’t look at me, George, pity my credulity,—forgive my folly—they *are* true, I was devoted to the cruel Mr. Savage—I believed him and I was deceived by him.”——

“Then may the curses of an angry God light upon him,” said Atkins, “for spoiling so fair a flower as you !—True !—can it be true ?”

“All true,” exclaimed Mary,—“there is no chance of happiness for me—no—George, go into the village—mix with my once kind friends, single out some innocent girl—make her your wife—but forget *me*—forget a guilty, guilty wretch like Mary,—don’t tell of my wickedness, don’t make those I once knew despise me, keep the secret and——”

Here the recollection of the happy hours

she had passed in that very village, and with the very girls among whom he would select a partner for his life, stoppéd her utterance, she fell back and fainted on the floor.

The noise alarmed Mrs. Ringer, who immediately came running into the room and after recovering "her poor child," as she called her, insisted on Atkins retiring, who by the way, I believe, if it had not been for that fiend of the world, that evil genius of sinners, PREJUDICE, would have persisted in his offer to Mary, for he loved her, and he

"Found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."*

* To affect comicality in so serious a part of the narrative is rather out of character, but as the lady's name was *Mary*, vulgarly *Molly*, how aptly might Atkins have quoted *Johannes Secundus* to her:

"Te jam volo basiare—

MOLLi mollior anseris Medullâ."

Bas. XIV.

And indeed if he had, kisses on a girl's lips are such delicious things, that in the heat of rapture, a man so as he could get plenty, would hardly pause to enquire whether she got them ready made or whether they were of her own manufacture.

Mrs. Ringer, however, turned him *out*, and Mary turned him *off*.—Talking of turning off, I could tell a comical story about a lover and his dismissal; but I won't, gentle reader, out of pity to the poor gentleman whom it concerns—it must be mortification enough to undergo the ceremony, nothing but being *turned off* at the Old Bailey can equal it.

“Indigno quum GALLUS amore periret.”

I only speak upon the authority of others—not by experience.

On Mary's recovery she enquired for Atkins—trembled—sobbed, and fainted again, her kind friend was alarmed, and half resolved to acquaint old Mr. Savage with the fact; but not wishing to proceed

rashly till she had endeavoured to gain the young one's attention and pity, she sat down and in the openness of her nature, wrote the following letter to Richard Savage, Esq. jun. London.

“ Sir,

“ You will be rather surprised at seeing a letter from me, but I can't help writing to you because I used to nurse you, and you used to love me ; but, sir, it is because of that very thing that I want to save you from being a villain—I need say nothing to recall all past circumstances, but mention Mary Williams's name—marry her—and you will be blest by heaven—you will be a father, that's what you will, and the grandson of the proud Mr. Savage will be nobody's child ; marry her, do, sir, and be a good soul as you used to be—and write to her here, and write to me,

And I am your humble servant,

Bell. Ringer.”

This laconic candid epistle was dispatched to town, and remained unanswered till the latter end of October, when Mrs. Ringer received the following reply:

“Mrs. Ringer,

“I would have answered your letter about Mary before, only I expected to have been down before this time. I can’t say any thing to it, for I am going to be married very shortly.

Yours, *Richard Savage.*”

“Then you are a rascal,” exclaimed the free spirited Mrs. Ringer,—“and if you won’t come to her she shall go to you.”

Old Mr. Savage was at this time confined to his bed with the disorder which terminated his existence; his careful housekeeper therefore did not choose to irritate him by rendering him an account of the affair, but giving her ideas to Mary, with a letter of recommendation to an acquaintance in London, advised her by all means

to take a journey to the metropolis, to see her seducer, and speak to him, for she hoped that his heart was not yet vicious enough to resist an appeal of such a nature.

Mary followed her friend's instructions and left her native village at the beginning of November, for the great city of London, and as she passed through the well known village of her birth,

“ The scenes of infancy and riper age
Arrest attention and her soul engage
As mem’ry leads, her eyes the landscape seek,
While fond regret bedews her glowing cheek.”

CHAPTER IV.

Now comes the delightful task to paint the delicious pleasures of the *honey moon*, but alas,—

“ ——— Nam frigore Mella,

Cogit hiems, ———

——— *Fucoque et Floribus oras.*”

“ Explent, &c. &c.” ———

Virg. Georg. IV.

Salt-Hill is a pretty place, and so is Cranford-Bridge—and very famous for the celebration of matrimonial happiness.—I remember the time when *Maidenhead* was more popular for the purpose, but it is out of fashion now.

Edward was very happy, and so was his wife. They had been married two days, and had not quarrelled once; love and

pleasure seemed to engross all their thoughts, she was happy with him; he felt real delight in her,—but though he was in a state of bliss, he could not help thinking how much greater his joy would have been had his partner been Harriet.

He, however, began to flatter himself, that all his sorrows were at an end, and rose on the third morning after his marriage with the smile of content upon his countenance; he was fixed, settled for life with a woman who seemed inclined to make his happiness her study, and as he contemplated all the circumstances which had occurred to him he thought that

“ Out of the nettle danger, he had plucked the flower safety.”

And that as she could so soon forget him, his disappointment with Harriet, might be almost called an escape.

During these meditations the servant who brought him the letters the morning before his marriage, entered the room and

said, that having found them in unpacking the trunk he had brought them for his master to read:

Edward praised his diligence and burst open the first of the two epistles, which proved to be a notice from the Albion Fire-office, announcing that the policy of insurance on his father's house, in the country had expired fifteen days before, and requiring him before the expiration of another fifteen days to renew the insurance, if he intended so to do.

This, Musgrave, who had no particular fancy for business, regarding as a matter of form, stuffed into his coat pocket; and taking up the other letter, found it was franked by a member from Cowes in the Isle of Wight, he immediately broke the envelope, and read the following invitation from Harriet Vincent:

Yarmouth, Isle of Wight,

Feb. 180—.

My dearest, dearest Edward,

What an uncertain life do we poor mor-

tals lead, and how changeable are all our pursuits!—Fate, who has hitherto frowned upon us, now looks favourably, and I have the pleasure of being the communicator of good news.

“How shall I write what I have to say?”
—It is so charming, that I can hardly believe it true myself.

“It is almost all owing to Lucy Hammond I have to tell it at all, that dear, dear girl has never ceased talking to my mother about our marriage since she has been here, and, do you know, (you will hardly give credit to it,) my mother, yesterday, gave up all her ideas about me, and said, that as it affected my health, and as you had got some situation under government (which we saw by the papers) she said,—yes, she did, my dearest Edward; that she did not wish a splendid fortune, and she last night GAVE HER CONSENT TO OUR MARRIAGE!

“Oh, Musgrave, here ends all our sorrows, all our misfortunes will now serve

us to laugh at; Lucy is with me, and we are so very, very happy.—She wrote you once a vastly cold cross note about your “clandestine correspondence being very unpleasant,”—but, she bids me say, that she did that, because she did not know whether her brother’s tutor might not see the inside of it, and then HE would have perhaps known too much.—So don’t you dislike her for that,—she is *a good girl, and will meet her reward in heaven.*

“Oh, Edward! come down here directly. —Mamma told *me* to write to you, to come here, and we shall be united for ever.—You will not hate me for owning how rejoiced I am;—how I love lord Rosemore; I know it was by his interest that you got the place you possess;—but, my dear Edward, when we are married don’t let us visit them, for I hate lady Rosemore, because she spoke ill of you, and there is a Miss Wilding, a horrid girl,—I have heard such dreadful stories of her, that I would not be much in her society for the

world; but, I know you too well to think, that you would force my inclinations upon any subject.—All I have to say, is, come down directly,—we are now at Cowes, but return to Yarmouth to-morrow.

God bless you—my dear, dear Edward,

Ever yours, *Harriet Vincent.*

“ Mamma sends her love.

“ Only think, my dear Edward.—Lucy Hammond has been playing the bride’s maid to a Norfolk cousin of hers, and only returned to us about three or four weeks since; but, she has been our best friend, for, even while she was away, her letters breathed the kindest sentiments toward us.”

It is uncertain what power of misfortune the human mind is able to withstand, and repel. But, if ever earthly misery was so completely and exquisitely refined as to strain man’s reason to the extremest point, without snapping the thread, this letter was an example of it.—

To believe it or not, Musgrave was uncertain, had he not himself heard the marriage peal that announced Harriet a bride.—Yes,—so he imagined ; but, on coolly consulting the letter before him and the events as they had occurred, it appeared evidently, that it must have been the wedding of some OTHER Miss Vincent he had witnessed the rejoicings for ; as his journey in pursuit of HIS Miss Vincent was made to YARMOUTH in NORFOLK, while, she, her mother and friend, were residing in a cottage at YARMOUTH,—in THE ISLE OF WIGHT!—

What could he do ? his wife was summoning him to breakfast, his heart was bursting over the letter. The most cutting of all his misfortunes was this ; every bar to his happiness removed, except one he had chosen to plant himself, and that, an insurmountable one ;—his Harriet in his possession, and he not able to possess her, how could he dissemble to his fair

bride, *she*, who was noticed as a *vile* character, by a girl who of course had heard some unpleasant stories of her.

This letter bewildered him,—he felt misery in these two sheets of paper that outweighed all the pleasures he had received in any other *two sheets* since his wedding; he was totally at a loss what to say to Fanny, how to act to Harriet; love called him away from his new-made wife—duty commanded him to give up his old mistress; but heaven bless the beautiful girl, who could give her up, who once had loved her?

He proceeded to the parlour, with an aching head and a beating heart,—he affected gaiety, but whenever he smiled, Harriet Vincent seemed standing before him inviting him to her arms, and ocular demonstration proved the impossibility of his obeying her.

Oh ye fickle sons of men, who are so violent in your proceedings, why not calm

your raging passions and cool your rashness?—patience and perseverance are wonderful in their effects.

Musgrave's sorrows which have hitherto been inevitable, and proceeded only from the will of fate, have now their origin in himself, and in this, unlike the former instances of misfortunes which afflicted him, the compassionating, sigh of pity, or the sweet tear of sympathy are necessarily denied him,—for he *doubted* Harriet's constancy and deserves whatever ill befalls him,—could he suspect her gentle nature of deception? could he have gazed so often on her ingenuous countenance and doubt her sincerity?

Yes, he could—he did!—catching at a similarity of names, a vague coincidence of circumstances, the rash young man obeying the impulse of *revenge*, in ten short minutes before the sacred altar of Hymen overturned and destroyed a connection whence might have arisen the sweetest union of

soul, and the most perfect happiness that man ever enjoyed upon earth.

Fair readers, does he not merit all the sorrows and distresses he may meet with on this score? surely yes,—but what for his bride? What will she suffer?—Heaven only knows; for now, that he has discovered the constancy of Harriet, will not the spirit of revenge which actuated him to marry Fanny Wilding be directed *against* her, particularly now that he has found *himself* deluded by *himself*,—there is no person who can with any moderate degree of patience, bear the private reproof of *self* conviction, and he was a glaring instance of its force;—his anger, his rage at having *self-directed*, mistaken the place of Harriet's retirement! having *himself* heard the church bells—*himself* having followed the imagined bride to the next town—his having *himself* offered *himself* to Fanny and having *himself* given up Harriet without any other reason than *his own* evidence, were but ill concealed in a superficial smile,

which he forced his countenance into at breakfast. This smile itself, however, vanished on his opening the following letter, which was put into his hands by his servant, forwarded from town. Fanny— (Mrs. Musgrave,) watched the effect it had upon his countenance, and, as an animated lady, was by far too much *aufait* in the passions from the pencil of Le Brun and the pen of Lavater, not to guess that her infamous deceptions with respect to Miss Vincent were on the eve of being discovered, and mentioning her suspicions on the subject to her *virgin* friend Anastasia, they left the room for a walk in the garden; Musgrave now left to *himself*, (pleasant society) read again, and again, the following lines :

Yarmouth, Feb. 27.

“Is it possible? or am I deceived by those who wish to keep us apart?— are you married?—gracious God ! can I—am

I to believe it?—What have I done, how have I acted to deserve this?

“ Oh, Edward Musgrave, my heart, (nay, it is *yours*) will burst,—for, I am sure that unless you had heard some vile reports of my conduct, you would never have forsworn yourself, committed yourself thus, and deserted the being who loved you most upon earth!

“ What must I suppose when I see your name in the papers, as married to Miss Wilding, knowing as I do, your opinion (at least the opinion you have so often expressed) of such young women? In what light am I to regard you—your whole character and conduct seem changed; perhaps I too readily believed what I wished to be, and saw you perfect while you desired to appear so,—can I have been deceived?—And could you DARE to take me from my mother’s roof without any affection for me?—Edward, I cannot believe it, you have been misled, some powerful exertions have been made to

erase me from your memory, and they have been but too successful.

“ When I recal the hours, the days we have passed together, and imagine myself in our cottage, in the room you were so fond of (apparently;) when I retrace the devotion with which you seemed to watch *your* Harriet, (as you called me), I cannot but shudder to think that a creature, formed to please as you are, should be so devoid of honor—of sincerity, as to have lost the recollection of them yourself.”

“ Tell me, for heaven’s sake, what does it mean? I know, I am sure you cannot be what you seem, some misrepresentations from my enemies, something must have occurred to destroy the good opinion you once had formed of me—else could you not have forgotten the day when with the first kiss I dared to bestow upon you, we sealed the bond of faith which linked us together, and which I should have held sacred had we never again met, till that

day when fate could no longer have divided us.

“ Have you really forgotten that day when, clasped in your arms, Edward, I ventured to own what my simplicity forbade me to conceal; when, credulous as the rest of my sex, I believed you devoted *to me*, and would have laid down my life to have proved my sincerity ?

“ Oh, Edward, have I outstepped the limits of female delicacy, have I transgressed the rules of society ? have I conducted myself improperly ? what is it that has drawn you from me for ever ?

“ If you need any thing to recal the circumstances of our attachment read the inclosed letters, they are your own, and will prove how you then thought, and what I then believed.

“ When you were led inebriated to our house in Portland Street, I excused your conduct, because I saw you were not master of yourself ; our subsequent meeting in the Park I excused too—because I was

convinced from *my own* feelings, that while the heart was firmly attached to one—no other's society could afford a charm—you found it otherwise—tell me, was it Miss Wilding who was with you?

“ Oh, Edward, what does my mother say?—what does your advocate Lucy Hammond say?—They talk of misplaced affections, imprudent attachments, and you, my Edward, are the subject of their remarks,—I cannot cannot bear it—my heart will break,

“ I have sent you your letters to me—struggles enough have I had to preserve them—anger enough have I incurred by receiving them—little did I think where our intimacy would end—but, hear me, Edward, hear my confession, and I glory in it as I make it to you :

“ Hear me, I say, and triumph in a girl's weakness if you are so inclined :—you won my heart—friendship was the foundation of our passion—it was no giddy rash resolve, I saw you every thing I de-

sired—mild, generous, gentle, accomplished and amiable, your talents appeared superior to those of any other young man I knew, your temper was good, your manners were agreeable :

“ Many were the hours I spent in considering, by your conduct, whether your opinion of me at all equalled mine of you. I have for days together doubted it, hope and fear were alternately my companions on my pillow, till the morning when Mrs. Leslie was sitting with me, and you came in,—do you recollect it?—it was on that day, when she left us,—but I need not recal it—you cannot have forgotten it.

“ Hear me then, I say, Edward Musgrave, when I declare with pride that my heart is so entirely yours, that were you to *be* the false creature you seem, were you to have rooted me from your memory, were you to love another with all the ardour with which you feigned to adore me, I confess to you freely, that I never could

suffer the addresses or professions of another man. You I LOVE—YOU I HAVE LOVED,—YOU I SHALL LOVE TILL I DIE,—such is the superiority of a woman's constancy—you are happy—perhaps—with Fanny Wilding—I am wretched, miserable and broken-hearted, but cruel as you *have been*, as *you are*,

I still remain, devotedly yours,

the neglected, forgotten

Harriet Vincent."

This letter with some of his own to her, formed the contents of the packet, and Edward received from their arrival a shock he could not withstand.

How was he to act? could he by writing explain away his conduct?—no.—Could he leave his wife and visit Harriet?—no. Would he neglect the girl he adored?—no.—What was he to do?—

After an hour's consultation with his old enemy and his only friend—himself, he resolved to tell his fair lady a falshood,

(pretty resolve truly for a bridegroom ;) to say he was obliged to set off instantly to Liverpool upon some business of his late father's, and instead of even travelling thither in *idea*, take post horses and proceed on his way to the Isle of Wight, where upon his knees he might explain away his conduct, —but where was Mrs. Musgrave to go? —he could not leave her unprotected at Salt Hill ; he therefore, after a little more deliberation, proceeded to the ladies, stated the FACT,* and entreated Miss Sensitive to allow his lady to stay with her for the few days he should be absent, to which

* I say stated the FACT—and not the TRUTH, for I have the pleasure of knowing a young man who always is relating anecdotes ; and when he wishes to substantiate what appear marvellous stories, he does it by assuring us—“ That the *fact* is,”—hence it has become the fashion in the circle of his acquaintance to laugh at his assertions, and enquire whether it be *truth*, as well as *fact*, or only *fact* and no truth.

she (having much mischief in her head), immediately consented.

Having thus arranged this matter, he ordered his servants to prepare for their return to town, and on the evening of the third day of the honey-moon, this *happy* trio, left Salt Hill for Clarges-street, where the amiable Anastatia Sensitive resided.—Thrice blessed Musgrave—he is settled for life—and ere long, it is more than probable, he will be able to illustrate by example the assertion of Simonides.

Γυναικὸς εἰς χρῆμα ἀνὴρ λήϊζεται

Εσθλῆς ἀμεινον οὐδὲ ριγιον κακῆς.

CHAPTER V.

WRITERS—aye, and good ones too, seem to me, to be mighty fond of protracting the actual business of their works by a species of verbosity that answers very little purpose; for instance, heroines “racked by duty, forced by love,” tormented by villains, or pursued by the *Holy Inquisition* itself, are made to stop their flight; to give us a description of the “golden sun sinking behind the lofty trees that skirt the margin of the lake,” with as little regard to propriety, as would be observed in bringing a hero up to suffer death on the gallows, and while the hangman was doing his office, making him expatiate with an amiable degree of morality on the thickness of Newgate walls, th filthe of the surrounding streets,

or the bustle of the metropolis, with a total disregard of the dreadful end to which he was at that moment approaching.

It is by these and similar episodes that we find modern novels swelled by an unnatural bulk, into five or six formidable volumes, with descriptions of countries the writers never saw, and customs of which they are wholly ignorant.

Indeed the love of amplification is not confined to writers, orators have the same passion for circumlocution, and if our greatest parliamentary pleaders, whose speeches, like soda water, consist chiefly of sparkle and froth, were confined to simple statement of facts, what a loss would the admirers of senatorial altercation endure, in the wonderful saving which would then take place of words, time, and paper, in the journals of their house: but no, fate has decreed that mortals should be æconomists in every thing but language.

“ Οὐ λόγων δέεται Ἑλλὰς ἀλλ' ἐργῶν ”

And where points are to be carried, and arguments enforced, it is certainly an advantage to illuminate a declamatory speech with metaphors, allegories, and quotations, but in a narrative of facts which novels (in my humble opinion) should at least as closely resemble as possible, the introduction of rivers, lakes, moons, and mountains is superfluous; the reflections of heroes and heroines on the beauties of landscapes, and what painters call “pretty bits,”—cottages, smoke, tall trees, and hay-stacks, red setting suns, and rippling brooks, are neither naturally made by them, nor pleasantly pushed in by their authors, who generally sacrifice probability to imagery, and propriety to a prospect.

NOVEL WRITERS—peccavi.—I ask your pardon; far be it from me, a simple unlettered hind, who have, the deuce knows why, undertaken to relate this history of

A MAN OF SORROW, to hack at the impenetrable hides of inveterate *romanticisers*. The allusion, messieurs and mesdames, was a general one, and only the natural result of *novel reading*, which by the way, as times go, is neither so pleasant nor so profitable as *novel writing*. Here I am sure you will all agree with me.

After, having said thus much you may be sure that I shall not attempt to delineate the shrubberies, trees, lawns, and sunshines which Musgrave was delighted with on his journey from Clarges-street to Southampton—indeed there is, if possible, a more urgent reason than consistency against it, truth itself denies the telling—seeing that being winter weather, he never caught a glimpse at a green tree, nor at a bright sun :—

“ Dull clouds obscur'd the sky.”

And in the most horrid storms that ever came, did the distressed, miserable MAR-

RIED MAN OF SORROW rattle down to Southampton, whence he was to proceed to Yarmouth.

This he shortly did, and reached the little town in safety about eight in the evening.

Having immediately on his landing enquired his way to Mrs. Vincent's house, he followed his instructions, and betook himself to the spot described, but he was somewhat astonished, and not a little chagrined on hearing from a woman who opened the door, that Mrs. Vincent had left it early in the morning for London.

This was another instance of his usual *good* fortune, for as the next day was *not* one of those on which the packet sailed for Southampton, he would in all probability be detained in the Isle of Wight, till the objects of his search were safe in the metropolis.

Enraged and mortified at this failure of his plans, he endeavoured to console him-

self as well as his situation would allow, and even at so short a distance from his lady, and on the fifth day from his marriage with her, he felt vastly inclined never to return to her; he knew he could not desert her, but is it a disgrace to him, or an honour to declare that it was not the will that was wanting?

In a smoky parlour of a little inn at Yarmouth for two days did poor Musgrave remain, a March wind blowing too hard to suffer him to cross to Southampton except by the packet, and it was by the merest stretch of an intervening good luck, that he secured a passage on the third morning, and having been blown about terribly, he did not reach the shore of England till late in the afternoon; here, however, his sorrows were counterbalanced by meeting Lucy Hammond, and Harriet Vincent at the door of a library; they were escorted by Captain Delmar who appeared particularly attentive to Miss Lucy, and Harriet was

at the moment Edward came up, speaking to Captain Milton.

Milton was the younger son of a family of fashion, and one of those disgusting animals, whose folly, if possible, exceeds their impertinence,—with affectation enough to stock a Cumberland-street boarding school, and a knowledge of the best manufactures of hats, coats, boots, and blacking;—this fellow could extol the names of Allen, Hoby, Jupp and Hardie, in opposition to those of Shakespeare, Nelson, Pitt or Newton, for which preference, certainly, he was to be excused, the works of the *one* party he was acquainted with—and knew nothing of those of the *other*.

Of all the ridiculous *little men of moonshine* in the English army—(of which, saving your presence, GREAT HEROES! there are not a few,) this coxcomb was the most impertinent and insignificant; he talked of *famous* parties, *delightful* concerts, and exquisite *conversationés* with a deter-

mined air of TON, which declared him the favourite to them all.

He was, however, a soldier,—and to say truth, his spirit of enterprize was laudable;—he entered the army because the *uniform was becoming*, and after encountering much hard service in campaigning about the vicinity of the palace, and on Wimbledon common, this little lieutenant became *aid de camp* to an old lady of fashion and one of the *staff* officers of her eldest daughter, a pretty escort for whom he was universally allowed to be, till being cashiered for inability he set up an independent roving trade in love, as captain in the guards, without ever having smelt any *powder*, but that which he used for his *head*, and without ever having seen a *ball*, except those he had been at for the diversion of his *heels*.

But he was acquainted with Miss Vincent—and here it is,—though I shall subject myself to be called a moralist, and by

some of my readers a preacher,—that I must say a word on the subject of officers.—

Far be it from me to cast a stigma on the British army.—Heaven bless them not I and I hold the man, who even mentions HOLLAND, BUENOS AYRES, or MONTE VIDEO, before one of its members, as a paltry sneering fellow.

It is on another score I attack, not their courage.—Oh, no.—That is a point too trivial for discussion.—Mothers the most careful, the most tenacious and the most anxious for their daughter's welfare, suffer, their houses to be filled with the idle young men of the army.

At watering places and at the balls given there (which for vulgarity can be equalled by nothing in England) a pretty elegant girl is sure to be noticed by these ridiculous puppies, and after requesting her hand by the intercession of an old twaddling master of the ceremonies, who, so he gets off a ticket for his bene-

fit, cares not what becomes of the characters of his company,—they get introduced to mamma and invited to her house, where, as their wages (pay I believe it is called) are very scanty, they find it convenient to dine and sup as often as they can get asked, the consequence of which is, that the drawing room assumes the appearance of a court martial, and the dinner parlour the manners of a suttlighthouse.

But then, these officers in an *honourable* manner always contrive to make their way into a family with much greater celerity than they do through a breach, for by following up the old proverb of

“ He who would the daughter win,

“ Must with the mother first begin,

They persuade mamma that all the attractions of the party are centered in her, and by making what is termed a *diversion*—they contrive to wheedle themselves into the daughter’s good graces without a serious intention, and literally make a *diversion* of her disappointment and credulity.

This is not even the worst of it, for these fellows brag of the liberties they have been allowed to take ; and this grinning puppy Milton, would be among the first to boast how far he had been favoured, and what the consequences were.

Harriet was almost overpowered by the appearance of Musgrave—and Lucy perceiving that

“ Her eyes would pardon,

Before her tongue could chide,”

took Delman away, and left nobody but Milton to spoil the lovers' *tête à tête*.

Lovers did I say ?—THE MARRIED MAN and his unmarried friend—there was not the least impropriety in it; a married man may flirt with all the girls in England, and not the tongue of a tabby moves to criticise his conduct—but a poor unfortunate happy batchelor must not whisper soft things in a corner but he is declared the professed lover of the miss, and is going to marry her the next week. Harriet had determined, if Edward

was to present himself to her, that she would receive him with coldness as a reward for his conduct, for she suspected that at all events if he had been misled by any reports he might have heard of *her*, that immediately on the receipt of her letter he would hasten to explain away the appearance of misconduct in which he was involved.

She was correct as to her supposition, but not as to her own deportment; with all the finest resolutions in the world, with a determination to resent his behaviour, at least till he had accounted for it, and with sentiments even of *contempt* for the fickleness of his character, no sooner did she see him again, than the inconstant Musgrave gave way to the dear Edward, he approached her,—held out his hand to her—she took it;—not a word did either of them speak—What would I have given to have been Musgrave at that moment.

And yet I would not, for the poor devil had a wife at home that he hated, at

the instant he was pressing the hand of a girl that he loved.

Milton seeing their confusion, took his leave, nodding familiarly to Musgrave, whom he had met at lord Rosemore's, and went immediately to the inn, where a chaise was waiting to convey him to town.

An effort to describe the conversation and explanation which took place between these unhappy lovers, I feel myself incapable of,—in such a case—silence is oratory, a look,—a touch,—a sigh,—plead eloquently, and as it is out of the power of the poet to speak where there is nothing said, it is as well for him merely to state that after a communication of thirty minutes, Harriet's opinion of Edward was *that* which it had always been, and that he with a wife at his side was as much in love as ever.

It has been a question among cavillers at religion, whether Adam was a perfect man after his wife Eve was created,—she being supposed to be one of his own ribs—now there are doubts here—it is asserted that he was not perfect *quoad essen-*

tiam—but that he *was* perfect *quoad* *generationem*, that is to say, he was a complete and proper man—all but his rib—which in nature was no loss at all to the people who were to come after him, because men who have lost an arm have children with two, and the offspring of gentlemen with but one pin to stand upon, never come hopping into the world finished cripples with little wooden legs.

With Musgrave it was perfectly the reverse, for there was no doubt as to his personal perfectibility, but there was as to his comforts, he was not so perfectly a happy man after his marriage as before, and if by his grandsire Adam he had given one of his ribs to get a wife, he would at this moment have given one of his eyes to have got—*rid of her*.

Lucy was soon made acquainted with the reconciliation, Delmar was introduced to Musgrave and the whole party proceeded to the house where Mrs. Vincent resided, Harriet felt a sort of sensation hardly definable as she looked at Edward,

and her mother could not resist her turn for raillery during the evening.

She kept up her good temper amazingly; for, in the first place, she thought (and rightly too,) that she was securely rid of the young man she never considered worthy her daughter's hand, and in the second, knowing, as she did, that he had obtained a situation of respectability and profit, her very opinion of *him* was so far altered, that she could now have regarded him with a smile as a son-in-law, and consequently did not look cool upon him as a friend.

That he had been false to her daughter she did not regret, as it strengthened her character for penetration, the reputation for which she was very tenacious of; for she flattered herself that she could foretel with as much precision as Francis Moore or Johanna Southcote,—it is more than probable that she could—but notwithstanding her self-conceit on the subject, she very often found herself prodigiously mistaken—so do they!

Edward passed the evening with the party pleasantly, they sang—he joined in the very duets he had so often practised with Harriet in their days of happiness—there was but one drawback to the gratification he felt in hearing them—he had since sung them with his wife,—the only difference in execution was, that at home he always took the upper part.

Rash, wretched Musgrave, your passions have carried you heaven knows where, and the sorrow of repentance is tacked to all the others of which you are the possessor,—there she sits with her lovely blue eyes—her fair complexion, her fine form, and there you sit by her—watching the graceful motions of her body as her lily hands sweep the strings of her obedient harp—pretty sport indeed, my hero—remember your wife—do you devil, do—you are married, sir.—

Are all marriages made in heaven?—no, certainly not,—some are contrived in the other place I should suppose, and

among the number our hero's—but as for predestination—pardon me if I doubt it—providence may certainly interpose in such a manner as is agreeable for its wisdom and justice, to protect and comfort mankind in this material matter of matrimony as well as in all others, but this kind guardianship puts no restraint or necessity upon our actions, neither does it deprive us of the freedom man feels he has in every thing he does upon the face of the earth.

Edward in an enlightened age could not plead predestination as an excuse for his ridiculous conduct—it is a bad one at all events, and if advanced as a reason for his conduct, futile and absurd; because it attempts to establish as a matter of fact that our actions are not our own, but are under the guidance of superhuman powers—this my friend Ned with all his ethics, metaphysics and logic could not do—none but wicked woosers and weak ones would bring forward such a defence—and under neither of those denominations does he come.

At taking leave his hat was *accidentally* mislaid, Harriet *obligingly* looked for it.—He assisted her in the search and by the *merest* chance in the world—the *candle went out*.—In this delicate obscurity will my female readers be very angry if I tell them that our Benedict actually ravished three honey kisses from the pretty pouting lips of the doating girl?—It was so—but it was in the dark.—And a man cannot exactly say what he may run his face against when he cannot see his hand before him.—Besides he only took three:—the kiss of friendship—the kiss of forgiveness, and the parting kiss.—All as perfectly immaculate as the embraces of a couple of nuns at St. Omer's, or a pair of virgins in the temple of Vesta.

This I must tell you was what he said himself.—Ho! ho!—My good Mr. Immaculacy,—not half a lip's breadth further if you please.—What are you made of?—*Marble*—Do you think because there are no sexes in souls—that there are none

in bodies ? Or is Miss Vincent like the spouse of St. Francis — Snow ! If not hands off, Master Plato is dead.—And the disciples who loved him seem to have *followed him* across the Styx,—you have only crossed the Tweed. Consider that and *call for a candle.*

Fair reader you frown.—Is there any harm in all this?—Is there any sin in a kiss ? —Is there any sin in three ?—Surely not. There can be no more mischief arise from kissing than from shaking hands, they are merely exchanges of civility, and conjunctions of parts.

Conjunctions of parts indeed, very pretty doctrine, says the prude in the corner.—Nice arguments—and mighty fair ones, but follow them a little farther and what becomes of them, preach them boldly and contend for the innocence of applying lips to lips upon the supposition that it is no more dangerous than joining hand with hand, pursue your theory and carry the system on, “*ὅς τε ἴδιον*”—where next ?

Ladies you'll excuse me.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING all these scenes at Southampton what was going forward in London? (Aye, there's the rub), Edward when he went to take his leave the next morning of the Vincents was *persuaded* to join a fishing party from which by a *contrary wind*, they were prevented returning till very late, and after dinner it was not worth while to set out, the roads being heavy and the nights dark.

Under these circumstances our hero was compelled by unforeseen accidents to tarry from his bride two days more, in the course of which Captain Milton having arrived in town left his card at Miss Sensitive's in Clarges street, to whose *petit souper* the next night he was invited.

All the world wondered where Mr. Musgrave the bridegroom was, Lady Rosemore called it improper, absurd and in-

Delice, Anastatia pleaded his paternal love, and Fanny advanced business in his behalf.

"Yes," said Milton, who joined them at the moment, not knowing any thing of the marriage which had taken place between the later lady and Edward,—“ Yes, faith, I should have no objection to such business myself—egad I left him making the strongest love I ever saw, to one of the prettiest creatures in Europe.”

“ Who?” enquired Mrs. Musgrave.

“ To Harriet Vincent—the girl he is going to be married to,” replied the Captain.

“ Married to !” exclaimed the astonished bride, “ Hush, hush,” whispered Anastatia—“ he knows nothing of your marriage, we’ll hear all the secrets and you shall worry your poor unfortunate hubby when he comes home.

“ What,” continued she, addressing herself to Milton, “ do you say you have seen Musgrave lately.”

“ Yes, faith,” replied the *veteran*. “ I left him at the door of a library pressing

his charmer's hand, with the most Romeo-like tenderness."

"What have you been staying at Liverpool, Milton?" said Mrs. Misgrave—

"No, my dear *Miss Wilding*," answered he, "indeed I have not, I am but newly arrived from Southampton, where I saw this dying youth, and by the appearance of his attention to Miss Vincent, I should suppose they cannot be long kept unmarried."

This was too much—to be told thus abruptly that her husband was playing her false, that he had deceived her in the place of his destination, and that he had abandoned her while yet a blushing bride,—she could not bear this flood of disappointment—she fainted in Anastatia's arms.—Milton assisted her to the sofa, with some little sorrow, for as he had always been much attached to her, and as she had returned his addresses with great fervor, he had considered her hitherto as something in reserve

for himself, and his discovering her wedding ring only led to the further *denouement*, which he at length received from the lips of the fair Anastatia, who reproved him for his thoughtlessness, and informed him of her friend's having become Mrs. Musgrave.—

This was a great surprize to him, and by the way when he came to consider it, not a very disagreeable one.— While she was single, nothing but honourable advances could be made, but the moment she became *private* property she was for the use of the *public*, and Milton having such ideas, was too much a man of the world, not to know that the critical minutewherein to attack a married woman's virtue, is that in which she finds herself duped and deceived by her husband.

He therefore assiduously applied himself to her relief, administered cordials and consolation, pressed her to his heart, drew off her ring and whispered that such a vil-

lain as Musgrave did not deserve that she should wear it; talked of the miseries of her being left alone, while he was flirting with other women, and urged his suit so warmly that Fanny in half an hour wondered how she could ever have preferred Musgrave to the dear *Nat*.

Musgrave had acted from revenge, when he married Fanny, and he could not complain certainly if, from the same cause she admitted this ridiculous captain to her room, to her arms—so, however, it was; the hero of P'all-mall she loved, and her husband she hated, she was a fine *animated girl*, and could not under all circumstances refuse the favour he implored. Miss Sensitive knew nothing of it, and at seven o'clock in the morning, the captain escaped from the scene of his guilt before the eyes of the neighbourhood were opened.

It would be as a faithful historian, my duty to relate, the conversation which passed in the morning after this adventure;

but as it occurred at the breakfast table of a fashionable woman, and issued chiefly from the mouth of a *dashing girl*, I will not offend the ears of modesty with a repetition of it.

It was however planned at this *tête à tête*, that Fanny should appear equally fond of her spouse on his return, receive him with open arms and question him as to his journey—the incidents that occurred on it, &c. &c. and that *she* was to regulate her conduct according to *his* answers; if *he* deceived her, *she* was to display her spirit by a becoming attack upon him, if he confessed the truth, she was kindly to *conceal all the circumstance of Milton's nocturnal visit*, and thus they would *recommence* the honey moon with all the *cooishness* of a couple of doves.

“ Oh what a delightful creature is Fanny Musgrave—*delicious woman, the spirit of the party—the life of the day—all animation and fire, pretty collection of combustibles to be set in a blaze by Ed-*

ward's falsehood—Heaven knows what will extinguish it, no engines will make it,

“*INGENS cui lumen ademptum.*”

The unfortunate MAN OF SORROW arrived in Clarges street at about two o'clock in the day following that in which his wife had committed her act of guilt.

She received him with rapture, and after a long account of her sorrows for his absence, began her attack upon him from a masked battery.

“My dear life,” said the modern spouse, “What has detained you so long from me? I (who you know am never happy but when in your society), have been wretched, my spirits broken while you have been away—without you, my Edward, as Petrarch says, every thing is desolate and miserable.

“—Un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.”

“Oh my dear husband, where have you been.”

This was an awful question, the depth of which Edward could not fathom and

not suspecting anything like a discovery to have taken place, he replied with an affected candor and simplicity,

“ I told you the place of my destination, *love*, before I left you, the business which called me to it kept me there longer than I suspected it would at first, but my heart wandered to home and seemed to be with you.”

“ A mighty fertile imagination upon my honour,” exclaimed Arastatia. “ You men have a prodigious knack of *fancying*, and you are so well satisfied with the ideal pleasures you enjoy with your wives, that you are but seldom inclined to partake of their reality.”

“ Oh, you are an absolute satirist,” cried Edward,—(joking with the heart ache)—you rail at men because you have them completely in your power, and like a mighty conqueror, oblige your captive to draw your car of triumph without a murmur.”

“ Nay, nay,” interrupted his wife,—“ but

Musgrave, she has reason for what she says,—have you really been at Liverpool?”

“Have I really, madam?”—replied her husband,—“I HAVE SAID IT.”

“Yes, sir,” returned Fanny,—but you,—even you, have not courage to persist in the assertion, you know you have told me a falsehood, you have,—you have, Musgrave.”

“A falsehood, madam!”—

“Go no farther, sir,—I knew it—You have been with the flirting impertinent Harriet Vincent, but I’ll expose her to the world; I’ll let the fools who admire what is called *modesty*,—see what kind of things these timid misses are,—I’ll—I’ll teach you to know the respect due to me,—and I will insist on you observing it,—do you recollect, sir,—that I am your wife?”

“Yes, madam,” said Musgrave,—firing up with rage,—“I do—and I would advise you to recollect, that I am *your* HUSBAND,—the master of my own actions—my own con-

duct and my own family.—If I choose to go to Southampton fifty times in the course of the year I will go thither, and if I choose to visit any family who have an objection to being introduced to you, I will visit them whether it be agreeable to you or not.”

“Mighty well,” exclaimed his wife—“marry me and keep a mistress under my own eye—with my knowledge too!”—

“Be silent, madam,” said Edward, in a tone of manly firmness—“I *command* you be silent; that you should be angry—violently angry at what you suppose a deception, neither surprises nor displeases me; female instability is said to proceed from female weakness, I do not agree with the world, and I believe it arises from candour and freedom which hinder women from dissembling—but that you should in your rage so far forget the rules of propriety, truth, and decency, as to violate and vilify the character of the most amiable

of your own sex—that you should mention the name of Miss Vincent in a tone of contempt, and insinuate that, which not a giant should insinuate before ME with impunity, astonishes and distracts me.—Madam, madam, I would be the first to deprecate, to condemn the system you have charged me with practising, and I only think it worth my while to notice your intemperate and unbecoming hints, to insist upon it, to command you on your allegiance as a wife,—on your feeling as a fellow creature, and on your decency as a WOMAN, never to mention the name of Miss Vincent, which you have dared to asperse, without the highest respect in my hearing.—You traduced her once before,—and carried your point;—you persuaded me of her inconstancy but too successfully.—Let me ever find you attempt a repetition of such deception, and one roof shall never shelter us;—the woman who can suspect innocence like hers,

must have, a guilty, guilty conscience of her own."

"Oh, vastly fine, and very sentimental," cried Mrs. Musgrave,—“but now *you* have finished, sir, hear *me*; when a man, after pretending to be violently in love, marries an *inexperienced* girl like me, and playing upon her credulity in three short days after the ceremony which joins them eternally, persuades her that he has business at Liverpool, and leaves her for another female at Southampton.——”

“Stop!” cried Musgrave, interrupting her,—“hear reason. My journey to that place was only made to explain away an appearance of duplicity arising from *your* misrepresentations; and as for my stating that I was going elsewhere—I wish you to understand that I will be a free agent and master of my actions—tattling women like your associates, are not to be trusted, I did not care to have the place of my destination known to all the world,

and the only effectual way to prevent you from divulging the secret was, not to confide it to you—you have my sentiments, act according to the dictates of your own heart—you will always find me an indulgent kind husband, so long as you remain an obliging quiet wife—presume—and we part—for I will, I again repeat it, I will be uncontrolled.”

Saying which he left the room, hoping secretly that his lady would take umbrage and leave him; here, however, he was mistaken, for he received a very polite message from her about an hour after their conversation, requesting to know if it was his pleasure that she should accompany him to his house at ———, which he had recently fitted up for her reception.

Upon the receipt of this interrogating dispatch (brought to him by her servant) he immediately called upon her in her chamber, and in the most soothing and obliging manner, congratulating her upon the change of

her conduct, spoke of happiness, and even entered upon the description of his journey, in the course of which he took the trouble calmly to explain the purport of his visit to the Vincents, observing he conceived it a duty in the husband as entirely to divulge his conduct to the wife, as it was hers to place the same confidence in the husband, and that it was his wish to conceal nothing from her so long as she trusted to his honour to make her a partner in his actions ; “ but,” said he, “ speak with anger, and I shall answer angrily—speak with rancour of my friends—I shall answer severely—speak with suspicion—and I shall not answer at all—If you doubt once—’tis once too often ; and when such a girl as Miss Vincent——” “ Stay, then,” sighed his *dear* spouse,—“ don’t let us talk of her at all,—I know you loved her,—nay—I am sure you *do* love her *now*.—It was by my contrivances you were induced to give her up ;—you

shall find, that by my conduct I will endeavour to reconcile you to the act; and believe me, Edward, whatever harsh I may have said of Miss Vincent, proceeded only from my fixed, my inviolable attachment to you.”—

BRAVI, BRAVI, ye happy married couple,—here’s ingenuousness—here’s delicacy of sentiment—here’s candour;—Musgrave related every circumstance which occurred to him—except that of the *bat hunting* in the dark room,—the kisses he likewise forgot as naturally as it slipped his wife’s memory to mention that Milton had taken *his* place in his absence, and it as entirely escaped *his* recollection to shew her a letter he had written to Harriet, as it did hers, to read to him a billet doux—she was on the point of dispatching to her enamorado.

If this is not a fashionable pair,—hang me, if I know any thing of life.

After this exquisite scene, the loving

couple prepared for their departure to the country, and at half past eight they entered their travelling carriage which was loaded with trunks, &c. and set off for their villa.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE this hero and heroine are on their way to their

“ Shady blest retreat,”

I intend just to inform my readers, that, although the lady affected satisfaction and contentment, she still *felt* internally all the symptoms of revenge as strong as ever; and as she had, on the spur of that violent passion, acted guiltily *once* it appeared not unlikely that she might do so a *second* time.

Now with all my prejudices against *fine animated girls*, I feel half inclined to say something in extenuation of Mrs. Musgrave’s conduct, and I will tell you why,—

She had in her career through fashion-

able life attracted a numerous train of admirers, and beaux,—men who never had actually declared themselves *lovers*, for fear of being obliged to carry the joke as far as Edward did ; Milton was one of her greatest favorites, and therefore she is in some measure to be excused (if there be any excuse admissible for infidelity) since her kindness to the captain proceeded from affection ; and because she considered the acquiescence in his desire to be nothing more or less than retaliation.

To enter into a protracted disquisition on the question whether retaliation be defensible upon any principle of honour or by the laws of nature, is not my aim, for a variety of reasons ; one of which is, that it is most difficult to ascertain exactly what the law of nature is, that which approximates most closely to it is the law of nations : which in fact is the common usage of mankind founded upon reason.

Another motive for my declining a disquisition on the subject is, because I do

not think any argument in support of it will bear me out; for let this law of nature be what it may, nature and its laws is so much refined by art, so far polished by duration of time, and so far matured by experience, that the very essence of society is common right, and therefore it is that the *part* must be concluded by the *whole*, and the lesser by the greater in matters of *meum* and *tuum*. If men refuse to submit to the judgment expressed by the laws they are disturbers of the community to which they belong, whence it naturally results that *private* retaliation whatever it might have been by the law of nature must be illegal by the laws of *nations*, because if it became general, a general extermination would of course be the consequence; before the refinement or formation of society before the constitution of tribunals or the erection of a regular judicature, there could be no other mode by which anything like civilization or order could be maintained, than acting upon the system of re-

taliation, but even in the earliest times it is an indubitable fact that there was a patriarchal power which is now generally vested in kings.

This patriarchal government was the most proper, a father's dominion over his children being the most natural ; and even here private retaliation must be unlawful, the case laying before the patriarch in whose breast lies the sentence, men not being their own judges.

Mrs. Musgrave did not reflect deeply on the propriety or impropriety of her actions, but like a boarding-school miss, anxious to finish a drawing before the holidays, she no sooner found her Edward false than helter-skelter, heigh-ho for retaliation—off she went and a pretty concern she made of it.

In an old French story which for my credit and your own, I hope, sweet reader, you have never heard, I once read an account of a decision by this said law of retaliation which however I must declare to be only a

fiction ; as, if I suffered you to be deceived into a belief of its veracity, it would knock down my own arguments and come forward as a proof of the existence of a tribunal where retaliation was the practice.

A Monsieur Petrand,—walking through the Rue l' Honoré, Paris,—(where the good pomatum is made)—saw a purse lying in the street,—and, as we should all do in a similar situation, picked it up ; meeting some friends he told them of his good fortune and invited them to supper.

Meanwhile the owner of the money having traced it to poor Petrand, flew to the officers of justice who seized him with his companions, he confessed the fact, begged the purse-master to count the coin, assuring him that he had only spent one crown for claret.

The prosecutor would have every denier restored, Petrand had no money.—His friends had *run* away on the first alarm, and he determined to follow their example.

The officers attempted to secure him, but he rushed out of the house and they at his heels,—in crossing the street, he knocked down a fat fubsy woman far gone in the family way and played the very deuce with the œconomy of her domestic arrangements.

He spied a ladder,—he ran up it,—but one of the officers shaking it when he had reached the top he tumbled down and broke the officer's arm.

When secured he was taken before the magistrate who being a very jolly good kind of fellow, as magistrates often are, he saw it was a frolic, and decided the affair by the *lex talionis*, or law of retaliation.

He therefore ordered that if any accident should happen to the little gentleman or lady who the prisoner disturbed so materially when he knocked down the Lady *en famille*, she should be sent from her husband to him, to live until such time as by the *lex talionis* she, with the prisoner's assistance

should have another little gentleman or lady was nearly ready to appear in the world, as the one he had destroyed.

That by the *lex talionis*,—if the officer was displeased at having his arm broken he was at liberty to go up exactly to the same height as the prisoner did and throw himself down upon him, he standing at the foot.

And lastly as the prisoner had embezzled part of the money he could not exactly give it back as he found it,—he adjudged that he should *keep it all* till such time as he was enabled to return it in *statu quo*.

This decision was like Mrs. Musgrave's.

“Edward is gone,” said she, “to see a mistress.—I am neglected—by the *lex talionis* he shall be forgotten too, and I'll act by him as he does by me.”

Natty Milton happened to be on the spot, and he was the engine she chose to set to work to revenge herself upon her

husband,—yet whatever might be pleaded in her behalf for this first offence,—there was no such excuse for the second.

But stay—

“What blaze of light is that?”—said Edward to the post boys as they ascended a hill which commanded the village in which his house was situated.

“We cannot make out, sir,” replied the boy—“I fancy it is a fire, sir.”

“Put on then, lads,” said Musgrave—“for there is nothing I like so well—a good blaze is a beautiful object—I’d give ten guineas any night for a peep—put them on my boys ”

They obeyed,—and this fire-hunting hero of ours for the first time in his life saw a conflagration which he could not enjoy—for, reader—anticipate his sensations in beholding the seat of his father, containing all his property—in flames; it was the favourite house of his heart that was consuming, and they only reached the gate time enough to see the roof fall in and

involve every thing round in the general destruction.

The moment he could think of any thing, our hero recollected that he had stuffed the letter from the Albion insurance company into his coat pocket, and by neglecting to notice it for many days after the receipt of it, he had lost the benefit for which he and his father had been for years paying.

Here his sorrows again triumphed—the villagers were assisting to quench the fury of the flames, but books, papers, pictures, furniture, all were gone, and in four hours not one brick was standing upon another.

What was best now to be done?—where was he to place his wife? there was no inn in the village where she could be lodged conveniently, he therefore advised her to get fresh horses and return to Miss Sensitive's, while he remained for a day or two on the spot, to endeavour if possible, to rescue something from the ruins.

She—abominating the country—agreed

with a sweet smile, and leaving Edward in the midst of fire, smoke, and flames, took her departure for London—another interruption having occurred to what is termed the bliss of the HONEY MOON.

The unfortunate hero of our tale having composed his feelings in some degree, enquired how the accident happened—it proved that the servants, who had it in charge to air the rooms for his reception, had laid the beds before the fire in the chamber, a spark from one of which having caught the furniture while they were at tea the whole upper floor was in flames before any means could be devised to check their fury—water being scarce, engines rare, and hands wanting.—Such was the state of the case when Edward, having taken a short night's rest, set to work early in the morning to search among the ruins of his once-loved house.

Long did they toil and little did they find to reward them for their pains,—now ad then among the smoking embers

and yet burning wood, the labourers turned up the scorched relick of some well-known piece of furniture, and in the course of their search, they rescued some part of old Mr. Musgrave's escrutoire from the general ruin.

This Edward regarded as a relick, and would have deemed it a sacrilege to have suffered it to have been destroyed, he therefore ordered it to be carefully removed, and his orders were obeyed.

Nothing remained of it except the desk, and even that was injured so materially that the back was entirely burnt away, and as the men were carrying it on to the house, Edward perceived by the ravages made in it, that the hinder part contained a secret drawer, in which he saw a paper tied with red tape still remaining, he followed the workmen, and drew the packet from its situation, when to his great disappointment and mortification, he found all the under part burnt away, so

that the collection of writing, which appeared to have been considerable, was reduced to one small piece so much scorched that only the following words were at all legible :

“ ——— My son Edward ———
—— secret never divulged ——— great
possessions by which ——— ——— twenty-
five thousand pounds ——— not to prevent
—— marriage with Harr—— a girl of
excellent charact—— and no doubt shall
—— elder brother’s death ——— ——— East
Indies in the ——— resolved to dis-
close ——— ——— before my death ——— in-
volve him ——— ——— difficulties ——— re-
linquish the idea ——— ——— bequeath it
—— into a different ——— ——— God
will bless him, and ——”

Like all the other incidents of Musgrave’s life of sorrow, this discovery was literally making darkness visible ; here was evidently something concerning him-

self, so completely and effectually disjointed, that it was impossible for him to form any opinion as to the purport or intent of it.

It was indubitably the solemn disclosure of some secret of importance which his father had intended for his perusal after *his* death, but his dissolution having approached with such a momentary warning, he had been prevented from directing his son where to search for the documents he had by the present fatal conflagration accidentally discovered; Edward was entirely at a loss even to imagine whither the secret could tend, or indeed what it could be; his father appeared to him a man so completely without concealment, that the very recesses of his heart were open to his son in common with the world; he had always spoken his thoughts freely, and in the most unguarded of moments, had never even hinted at any mystery, which what remained of this paper seemed to augur.

In the midst of these mortifications our miserable hero could not help reflecting that all the pecuniary loss this fire would occasion, was the result of his own inattention and carelessness, he had neglected to obey the summons of the Albion fire office, and, though the liberality of that as well as all other insurance companies is known and admired by the world, yet as nearly a fortnight had elapsed beyond the fifteen days allowed in the notice, he had no claim upon the concern, nor any more right to expect restitution from it, than if he had never insured with it at all.

He was therefore surprised by the attendance of the office surveyor, who immediately set about his inspection of the ruins with great alacrity, and this surprise was exceeded when two days afterwards he received the following letter from the secretary :

“ Sir,

“ In consequence of your inattention to the letter of form, circulated to persons bearing policies of insurance from this office, your insurance became void the 12th ult. you have therefore no claim on the company, but the directors conceiving such inattention to proceed either from mistake, or the hurry of business, desire me to say, that though by their rules they cannot make the regular restitution they should have made, had the insurance been regularly paid, they wish to afford their friends every proof of their will to soften the great calamity of fire; and, for that purpose, have commissioned me to inclose you a draft upon their banker for five hundred pounds, which I herewith send you.

“ I have the honour to subscribe myself,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ W. P.”

This letter accompanied by the sum,

gave Edward a very favourable impression of this society,—and with every sentiment of gratitude for such noble conduct, he returned his thanks in an answer to the gentleman who in their name had inclosed the money.

Edward consoled himself with this draft, as it took off a little from the misery of having by neglect incurred so heavy a loss as he must have endured, had not the liberality of the insurers relieved him, and after remaining on the spot for four days to endeavour to recover some part of the property, he dispatched a servant to the inn for a postchaise, resolving to return to London and his lady.

It happened that there was no chaise to be had, and as the distance was very small Edward determined to walk ; and set off upon his tour, when he was overtaken just at the end of the village by a post chariot in which there was but one gentleman.

Whether Musgrave's looks expressed his wish to get into the carriage, or whether

Beverly Crafton the young man who was in it wished for a companion, it is impossible to determine, the truth was, however, that in an instant after he had passed our hero, he hailed the boys who were driving him, and having made them draw up the vehicle to the road side, invited Edward to take a seat with him if he was going to town.

His offer was accepted, and Musgrave stepped into the carriage of the honourable Beverly Crafton, a young man of *haut ton*, and brother to the Earl of that name, without being conscious of his companion's consequence ; his person was elegant, his face handsome, and with a pair of blue eyes, which he seemed afraid of lifting from the ground, he had courage to meet and strength to thresh any man of his own rank, weight, and height, who dared to be impertinent.

He was an excellent boxer, a famous runner, a good wrestler, had dogs for bulls, horses for the course, and hounds for the

field ; he was a fine noble dashing fellow, and to stamp his love for sporting society, had adopted that mode of conversation used by what are termed *flash lads* ; that is to say, prize fighters, thief-takers and the rest of the pickers up of unregarded trifles.

Most men when they associate with such society bemean themselves, not so with Crafton, he raised *them*, for his character was so high as a gentleman, and a man of honour that though he would condescend to mix with them, they always felt that respect for him, which his rank and particularly his merits commanded.

His manner of conversing was odd—and as Edward had never been in the circle of slang fashion, it surprised him a little when he was thus accidentally thrust into company with one of its brightest ornaments.

The gentlemen soon grew intimate, but without a disclosure of names ; and, as they passed Lord Rosemore's house, Beverly

having looked at it—kindly said to his unknown companion,

“ By Gad—that’s Rosemore’s place,—do you know that old gig.—”

—“ Yes, replied—Edward—I know something of the earl.”

“ Damn my shoes,” replied Beverly—
“ but he’s a prime fellow—he’s a *beak* down here, and they had me up before him once, because I carried *pops* in my *bag*—they did not *stag* me at first, and so I let them *mang* as long as they liked, and, when the *traps* found I’d been *gammoning*, they were as *lary* as the devil.”

“ Yes,” said Edward, not comprehending that Mr. Crafton meant by all this, to insinuate that the earl was a justice in the county, and that having been taken before him on suspicion of being a thief, because he had pistols in his pockets, he had let the thief-takers carry him there, when they did not know him, on purpose to have a joke against them when they did.

“ Ah,” continued the honourable man of fashion, “ that Rosemore leads a precious life on it, there is his wife—my eyes what a gig she is,—you know twenty years ago she was a *blowing*,—and was *nabbed* for *milling a tatter*, but this gig of a lord was a sort of *prig* for her, and so as he was the lad who had been *drawn*, he would not turn *trap*, and she got off—and by the Lord Harry, he married her in six months afterwards.

“ Indeed, sir,” said Edward, still completely in the dark to what his companion meant; “ They had some fine fillies though—devilish good blood about ’em—one’s married to Belmont—but there’s a Miss Wilding, they’ve got her off at last—damme she hung a long while,—she’s *bang up to the mark* however.—They’ve done a poor fellow of the name—deuce—take it—what is the lad called—Oh Musgrave,—they’ve done him into marrying her. She was like the countess all blood—game to the back bone, I remem-

ber she and I were cursed thick together one summer—but I went a little too far, and she grew lary—so I *hopped the twig*, for dam'me there was no standing the gammon of marrying such a devil as that."

This Musgrave did understand and he did not know how to act, to declare himself, was to involve himself in more duels—he therefore sat silent for a short time, resolved if this companion went any further to call him to an account.

"She's the true thing," continued Beverly—"she's only been married a week—and damme she's off?"

"Off, how—Sir,"—said our hero—

"What have n't you heard—Lord help you," replied his new acquaintance—"all the town's up about it. Yes, Sir, yesterday morning she went off with young Milton of the guards, her husband is out of town, and so she took French leave."

"My God," exclaimed Musgrave—

“can it be—why` where will my sorrows end?”

“Your sorrows”—said Crafton—
“dam`me what have you to do with her.
It’s a sign you are not her husband—*his*
sorrows are over now she’s gone.”

“Sir, you are mistaken, I am her husband,” said Edward.

“The devil you are ? then my dear Sir,
I wish you joy—she’s no great *shakes*
depend on’t, and the sooner you get rid
of her the better. If they’ve come down
with the *stuff*, mill that and the devil take
her.”

“Sir,” said Musgrave, “I have not the
honor of your acquaintance, but I cannot
hear this language.—My afflictions
are great, and this only was wanting to
complete the measure of my *woes*.”

“Woes—damn it, lose one wife—get
another—action—*crim. con.*—tip the wigs
—and get a verdict—go to the lords—
Divorce bill read—once—twice, thrice
and away—that’s the true plan, my boy.

This was the man of fashion's advice, and it ended just as the carriage drove into Berkley-square, Edward requested to be set down at Lord Rosemore's, and at the door took leave of Crafton, who requesting him to present his compliments to the earl, gave him his card, begged his better acquaintance, and, shaking hands, drove off to his brother's house.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDWARD was admitted to Lord Rosemore directly upon his application at the door, and found from the earl that the report Crafton had given him of his wife's elopement was but too true.

Lord Rosemore, however, when he related the matter, (which he did with infinite sorrow) could not help confessing that he thought *he* had not been sufficiently attentive to his bride, since their marriage.

Edward endeavoured to excuse himself, but in truth it was a difficult matter; he loved another and he had not the art to dissemble, he had acted like a madman when he married her, and he was now receiving his meet punishment.

Lady Rosemore decidedly took part

with Mrs. Musgrave, and declared his conduct positively brutal ; Miss Sensitive protested that Fanny was a spirited creature and could not bear neglect, that her error had proceeded only from the vivacity of her sentiments and the ardour of her disposition, that it was all Edward's fault, and that if he had taken pains to cultivate her affections, she would have loved him with all the violence she now felt in her hatred.

If any thing could have made Musgrave more miserable than he was, it was the idea of being pitied, pointed at and laughed at, as a man who had married a wife, and could not keep her with him a week.

However improper her conduct might have been towards him, he resolved not to act revengefully, and having written a draft upon his banker for the eight hundred pounds, which remained in his hands of the sum Lord Rosemore gave her as a portion, he inclosed it in the following

note, which he sent to Miss Sensitive, with a request that she would forward it to his lady, as he supposed she knew the place of her retreat.

“ That you found yourself unhappy with me, I lament;—that you should have taken the method you have to liberate yourself, I lament still more;—that you have been deceived in me, I hope—else I have been deceived entirely in you,—you may not feel a partiality for me—you shall from my conduct never have reason to feel a contempt for me;—I hoped we might have been happy together—that hope is gone, and it is my duty to endeavour to make *you* so now we are separated.

“ That you should entertain an unfavourable opinion of me, grieves me, as it has tended to bring you into a situation of distress;—my conscience tells me that I am blameless—that you should ever entertain a mean opinion of my honour, would indeed afflict me, no action of mine shall ever warrant such an idea, believe

me that the moment when I heard of your flight was the most painful of my life—to render you more happy than myself is my desire, and if the enclosed draft, (the remaining part of the fortune I received with you from Lord Rosemore) can tend to your comfort, let me beg you to accept it as the last mark of forgiveness from a wounded injured husband.

E. M.”

This packet he dispatched immediately, and proceeded shortly after to his lawyer's, to request his opinion on the paper he had discovered among the ruins.

Mr. Neville (his solicitor) examined the remnant of the document, and discovered in a corner of it, part of a stamp necessary to the legal validity of bonds, and therefore naturally concluded that it was a consignment of property, which belonged to old Mr. Musgrave, and which, from the mention made of his name, most probably was made over to our hero.

Vexed, harassed, and wearied out with misfortunes, Edward was proceeding from his attorney's to the bankers of the Albion insurance, to receive the amount of their draft, when he was accosted in Fleet-street by a man whose face he thought he recollected, and a few moments reflection informed him was an old school-fellow and playmate, who when he was in the same academy with him—(for his sorrows began early) had rescued him from drowning, while they were in company with some others of the boys, bathing in a river near the seminary.

The moment he recognised his old acquaintance, gratitude and attachment warmed his heart, and, shaking him cordially by the hand, he invited him to dine with him.

Marlow—the *new found old friend*, refused his invitation firmly—but Edward felt such sensations at seeing one he had parted from so long, and his manners and person brought so many scenes of

happy childhood to his memory, that he declared he would not part with him any more that day, and added that if he did not come with him, he should be not only vexed but affronted.

The other persisted in his denial, till Edward, insisting upon his compliance, he told him that it was business of importance, which carried him beyond the Tower, and that he was sure he should not be back in time to accept his offer.

“What have you to do?” enquired Musgrave. “Why—why it is business of importance,” answered he.

“What?”—repeated Edward,

“Why the truth is”—said Marlow—I am obliged to go with a bill, which I have upon Messrs. Haverford, Bartlow and Shark—to get it discounted, for I have some accounts to settle this very day, or I am threatened with arrest.

“What’s the sum?”—enquired our hero
“Four hundred and seventy pounds”—was the answer—

“Then you shall dine with me—here is a draft on a banker for five hundred. I will give you cash for your note, if it has not too long to run.”

“Only seven days,” said Marlow—

“Then I’m your man for the money.”

“And I,” replied Marlow—“am the man for your dinner.”

This being arranged, the money received, and the bill discounted, the friends proceeded together to the hotel where Edward resided.—

Here over a quiet *tête à tête* bottle did these once dear associates recal every scene of early youth, play in imagination in the meadows round the school-house, climb the church styles and watch the sexton as he dug the narrow grave—here with each glass they drank, did they relate some tale—some well known village jest, and not without a sigh retrace the walks they had enjoyed with the daughters of their humble neighbours.

In their conversation they dwelt upon their favorite objects, the elm tree in the field was the favorite shade of Marlow, Edward's retreat the hawthorn by the stream ; and each was beneath his favorite bower, as they sat in the coffee-room of the New Hummums.

But happy were they as they were, no shelter could the elm afford—no shade the hawthorn yield, they were both cut down, and a navigable canal ran through the fields where they had stood ; the sexton no longer dug the grave—he was its cold and still inhabitant, the girls with whom they had sported were now women, “ Polly was a wife, and Jane a mother.”

In harmony did their evening pass away, till the hand of the dial pointing to *one*, served as a warning for them to part. Marlow took an affectionate leave of Edward, they were to be again separated for a long time, Marlow was going

next morning to Portsmouth to join his ship which was to sail early in the week for the West Indies.

Yes, reader—if any thing could add to the affection which Edward felt for his friend, it was the beholding him one of the noble defenders of our little island, and it was with an unfeigned sorrow that a tear dropped from his eye, as he pressed his hand and sighed—“*God bless you.*”

As soon as Marlow left him, Edward retired to his room, and upon the table he saw a letter directed to him in his wife's hand writing; he was somewhat surprised, as he did not expect an answer to his note, and without longer deliberating, he burst the seal and read:—

“That you should take the trouble to write to me, really charms me, I could hardly have hoped so great a favour at your hands—had you in your attentions been equally assiduous before we parted, we might never have parted at all.

“I must confess that my conduct (so perfectly inexcusable in the eye of the world) requires some explanation, and as no person can be so well qualified to explain my motives and opinions as myself, I will endeavour to vindicate myself against the cruel aspersions which I am sure to meet with.

“At the moment we were married, I saw in you a creature, as I supposed, devoted to me, adoring, idolizing me—girls are sanguine, I did not even doubt it—my prospects were the brightest, and in matrimony, I saw the perfection of happiness—I was not deceived—with you I could have been blest.

“But you will, I am sure, agree with me when I say, that love ardent as mine was for you, when checked by deception, turns to the most implacable hatred.—You were the author of my misdeeds (unwittingly I am sure); but when you left me on a pretence of business for one part of the king-

dom, and when I heard of you on a visit to an avowed rival in another, what could I feel, what could I imagine?—my temper is violent, my spirit for revenge high, and had you been near me, I should have felt no repugnance, no hesitation, in stabbing you to the heart—you were away, and next to murdering you, I took my surest vengeance by destroying your peace.

“Yes,—I felt the full force of my dæmon-like passion ; I seized the opportunity, the only one I had, and acted upon the impulse of the moment.

“That you had no sinister motives in your visit to Miss Vincent I am convinced, I therefore feel it my duty to retract whatever harsh and violent expressions I might have used in the heat of my anger against her,—a better,—a more amiable young woman never lived,—that I robbed her of you is my present sorrow ; for, since concealment now would be absurd, I confess candidly that the reports of her marriage were the children of my own brain.

“Of your generosity I am an admirer but will not be partaker.—The fortune I brought you, had it been ten times as much as it was, I have assuredly forfeited by my conduct; I have therefore returned your proffered draft, and subscribe myself

Yours,

F. M.

“I have heard you intend to prosecute Milton;—it is better you should not, as it will run you to a vast expence, and can answer no purpose.”

This letter, such a mixture of guilt, repentance, vindication, and incoherence, Musgrave could not at all understand; he read it several times, and despairing as he generally was of every comfort, retired to rest in a complete state of unhappiness.

His brain was full of all the various new misfortunes which had occurred to him, and reflecting equally on his own negligence, on his father's *escrutoire*, his wife's letter

and his own action at law, he fell into a profound sleep to dream of—broken tables,—St. George and the dragon, lawyers' wigs, and runaway wives, from which concatenation of disagreeables, he was agreeably awakened in the morning by a note announcing the arrival of the Vincents in town,—they had taken a house in the vicinity of Piccadilly, and Edward resolved after breakfast upon paying them a visit.—

Poor undone devil!

“—— He has not a single ducat in his purse, yet he's in love and pleased with ruin.”—

CHAPTER VIII.

MUSGRAVE's arrangements with Neville for his legal attack upon Milton, were put *en train*, and as the term was on the eve of commencement, steps were taken to bring forward the business without further delay than was merely necessary for the forms and ceremonies of the law.

An appointment with his counsel, three in number, kept our hero from his heart's delight in Piccadilly till near two o'clock, at which hour he knocked at the door of the house which contained the EVERY THING on earth that he held dear.

If his pleasure in beholding her was great, while anticipated, what must it have risen to, when he heard the servant say, his mistress was not at home, but that Miss Vincent was.

The sound was Heaven to his ears; he rushed up stairs, where he found the angelic girl at her harp,—he confined his enquiries to mere complimentary ones, till the man who introduced him, retired, but no sooner was his back turned, than he caught her to his breast and printed a thousand kisses on her lips.

That same kissing is a bad custom, for when a man gets used to it, there's no being sociable without it.

Many were the questions Musgrave asked and answered, but the delicious dialogue of these happy innocent sinners, was interrupted by a loud knock at the door, followed by the annunciation of captain Eglinton.

Eglinton!—it was a name Edward did not know,—a new acquaintance,—a lover perhaps.—He entered the room, threw himself down upon a sofa, and after familiarly and carelessly asking Harriet “how she did,” with an air which marked the idea he had of the opinion she enter-

tained of him, rose and bowed to Musgrave as she introduced them.

Eglinton was seated next to the lovely girl,—he joked with her and she smiled on him; poor Edward's heart beat rapidly—it *was* so,—she had forgotten him in his absence;—she *was* the fickle creature Fanny had represented her;—the kisses she bestowed no longer seemed delicious, for Eglinton, perhaps, had tasted them as well as Musgrave.

Oh, ye who ever knew what it is to love, feel for the poor distracted fellow,—pity him, for you must know the sensations he felt.

His head burned, his lips trembled, and with an affected smile, the frown of discontent contracted his brow,—Harriet saw the alteration;—did she flirt with Eglinton to rouse his jealousy?—Oh no, surely,—*she* was not a *fine animated* girl,—she was no dasher—she was the sweetest, dearest,—kindest, mildest angel that ever lived on earth.

What did her conduct to this new comer mean, she certainly seemed to approve him; Edward could not endure to see her look kindly on him, it was death to him; he affected good humour, but he could not be sufficiently deceptive to appear pleased, while he was so truly unhappy; and, finding that it was out of his power to be at all *entertaining*, he took his leave.

He was a very silly fellow—and *had I* been in his place, however it might have tormented me to have seen the sociability of Harriet and her lover, I would have stayed with all my miseries for *twelve* hours, rather than have left them alone together for *one*.

But alas, young gentlemen in love have little command of themselves, and the next morning when our hero made his visit to Miss Vincent, she boldly, before her mother rallied him on his ill-temper.—Mamma wholly out of the secret, defended the youth against her daughter,

for, as he was *married*, she was not at all averse to his visits, thinking *him* secure at any rate; poor lady, she little knew how the youthful mind can look forward,—how sanguinely anticipate pleasures and delights, and how resolutely, and, with what fortitude a girl of a sincere disposition will wait for a mutation of events, which may accelerate the attainment of her heart's desire.

But, as I have respect for my friend Musgrave, I wish it to be understood, that it was *not* ill-humour, nor ill-temper that affected him;—he felt—that kind of sensation men *do* feel, when they see the girl of their hearts in familiar terms with other men,—in short he was JEALOUS.

And as for you Miss Harriet, I shall say a word to you,—if you *will* seem as if you liked this Eglinton or whatever his name is,—if you will let him in whenever he calls,—if you will smile upon him when he speaks to you, and if you will turn your back upon your Edward in a

box at the theatre (whither he was only led to see you) and joke with Eglinton;—you must not call Musgrave *ill-tempered* for being ruffled at it.

Ill-tempered, forsooth, look upon your triumph as complete.—The more wretched and ill humoured he is at an appearance of inconstancy, the more he loves you—if he answers you crossly when you *do* speak to him, be sure he adores you, and if he leaves the box in a few minutes after, you need not doubt that he is yours for ever.

However, in Eglinton Edward had not a *favoured* rival, he was shortly convinced of that by an incident very likely to convince a man upon such a subject.

Eglinton was an officer in the—(aye—but I won't tell you—what regiment he was in—it will not be right)—no matter what,—THE ARMY—(we'll say,)—and he had seen Harriet at—at—at—(we'll say,)—Southampton—and having seen her, *of course* fell in love with her; because, as I

have before observed, it was only necessary to do the one, to do the other ; and after having been introduced to her at a ball, and having constantly visited her family, he became so much attached to her, that he followed her to town, and made her an offer of his hand and heart :

Bravo *mon cher* Eglinton !—

Now to relate all the events of this memorable day, would be to outstep the “*modesty of nature*”—he made an offer of his hand—now at page 46 of this volume, I have mentioned my ideas of a lover’s dismissal—they will serve here, and better too, than tiring you with any more.

Suffice it to say that Eglinton after crying like a school-boy, till his eyes were as red as his coat, intreated permission to plead his cause with the fair object of his affection—and—that she—after having listened to it patiently, refused him—point blank—like a dear constant soul as she was.

The mere suspicion of his declaration

had made her resolute, and a more decided dismissal never took place—Musgrave has desired me not to give a VERBATIM account of the interview, out of regard to Eglinton's feelings—and as an amicable historian, I must obey—or if he had not I *could* tell such a comical story—all—of—a—and a—but I must not—and so I will hold my tongue with as good a grace as possible.

Eglinton was disappointed and chagrined at her refusal, he thought himself perfectly eligible, and had no doubts of her accepting him, his disappointment drove him to drinking, and he walked hastily from the presence of his charmer to a tavern where he called for his dinner :

“ ———Implevitque *mero* pateram.”

and with many bumpers drowned his sorrows*.

* This might be accounted for by a pun, for it is natural that an unsuccessful lover should be given to *whine*, i. e. *wine*.

In a few days his regiment being ordered to St. Helena, he sailed for that island, and gave Mr. Edward some relief, though he had a wife of his own, and had nothing at all to do with Harriet, or any other maiden under the sun.

“Gracious heaven!” thought Musgrave—“if she had accepted him, what could I have done, and my fate depended upon one little monosyllable—Yes—or—No—Oh, Harriet, what can I do—how express my gratitude to you for such persevering kindness—how have I deserved such goodness—let me not despair—love like ours *must* be in the end happy—times will change—and let us look forward to the hour when circumstances may have altered, and we may be united never to part—can you remain deaf to the solicitations of lovers, to the mandates of parents, Harriet?—angel of goodness—if you can—all my woes are light, all my sorrows unavailing—*with* thee what can I

wish for?—*without* thee what can I hope for?"

In this mode did Musgrave offer up his gratitude at the shrine of his fair Harriet, a deity who smiled propitious to his prayers.

It was one evening during the first week of their return to town, that Musgrave after accompanying them to the theatre, left them at the door of it after having escorted them to their carriage, and they proceeded homewards.

On their reaching their own house, they heard the servant before he knocked at the door speak to some person who answered only by a groan—Mrs. Vincent enquired the cause, and was told that a drunken woman had fallen on the steps, and would not get up; knowing how uncharitably illness is construed into inebriety by vulgar beings, she left her chariot, and ordering a light, soon discovered that it was neither an old nor a drunken woman who was thus distressed. The object of their attention

was a fair beautiful girl, whose milk white bosom exposed to the cutting air of a March night, seemed to outvie the fleecy snow which was drifted round the door.

Her hand was cold, and her curling brown hair dishevelled, hid part of her face from the eye—Mrs. Vincent saw there was something peculiar in her appearance ; and, interested for any thing so delicate and so distressed, she ordered her to be taken into the house, and had every cordial administered that was likely to restore her, she had her put to bed, and desired if she was well enough in the morning, that she might see her at breakfast.

When the next day arrived, and the equipage for the ladies *déjeuner* arranged, Harriet who was in the parlour first, told the servant to let the young woman know that her mother would be down immediately, and that if she was up she had better come to breakfast.

The domestic bore the intelligence to

the housekeeper, who informed the stranger, and she immediately made her appearance, as Mrs. Vincent entered the room.

Restored by the refreshing sleep she had enjoyed and the kind treatment she had met with, she was no longer the object of despair and desolation she had appeared the preceding night ; indeed, so great was the alteration which had taken place, that Mrs. Vincent could with difficulty be made to believe that it was the same person.

Her figure was delicate, and elegantly turned, her eyes fine and sparkling, her teeth like snow, and her hair flowing in ringlets over a fine formed forehead, shaded one of the most expressive countenances nature with all her cunning ever contrived.

In her manner there was a *je ne sçai quoi*, which marked superior breeding, her answers to their enquiries after her health were made with simplicity, elegance, and propriety, and an apparent modesty seemed

to pervade her whole person while she sat opposite to the ladies at table.

Naturally anxious to know who their guest was, they waited with impatience till the service was removed ; and then, without actually requiring an account of her, they sufficiently indicated their desire to have one, and she catching their wishes from their eyes, began the conversation herself, by observing how awkward she felt at being thus thrown into their house ; and after imploring that they would not at present require her to disclose her name or family, she began her narrative thus :——“ Madam,” said she, addressing herself to Mrs. Vincent——“ it must appear so extraordinary that I should have been in the situation in which I was last night discovered, that I should wish to account for that circumstance immediately, but as it will be evident why I *was* there in the course of my detail, I shall prefer going back to the point at which I mean to commence at.—

“ I am the daughter of a respectable man,

whose honesty was proverbial and whose temper was never soured but by me, whose heart was never steeled against any but his helpless child.

“Born under the roof of industry, I was taught to look upon the gay world as one in which I was never likely to stray, and when I lost my dear good mother my surviving parent instructed me in my duty to himself, to my fellow creatures, and my Maker,—that I have faltered in any of those duties is not my fault.

“I had reached my seventeenth year before I could be said to love; but, madam, it was during the eighteenth summer of my life, that a gentleman,—(a villain my father terms him,)—saw me first.—Oh, madam,—If you have the feelings of humanity do—do pity me when I tell you the arts he made use of, to draw me from my father’s house.—I refused to leave my parent, but if I loved my Richard was it a fault?—If we were either guilty it must have been he who was so,—he raised hopes,—he created

wishes but he never realized them,—he never fulfilled his promises,—he taught me to love and he left me to mourn.

“To follow him I left my home, and on my arrival in London, heard that he had been shot in a duel some months since.”

“How long have you been absent from your father’s house,” enquired Mrs. Musgrave.—

“Nearly four months,” madam, replied the girl,—“during which time from the recommendation of a friend, I have been living with an acquaintance of theirs, who yesterday, alas ! was turned from her lodging because she could not pay her rent,—I could not bear to see her dragged to a prison and left her last night to seek some shelter,—unused to fatigue, and ignorant of my way, wearied and cold, I sunk overwhelmed by my misfortunes on your door.”—

“What was the name of this fickle lover.”

“Must I betray him?—Oh, madam, if

you desire it I will obey,—but it wounds me when I think of him,—his name was SAVAGE.”

Lo, and behold, my gentle reader,—here they were,—a trio,—over the fire.—The stranger was no other than MARY WILLIAMS who had related the whole of her story,—but, like Mr. Musgrave and his amiable wife, she had *forgotten* to notice the adventure in the grove.

Savage was the rogue,—Harriet triumphed, the poor devil was dead, and yet there was a something like a palpitation of pleasure at the heart of this sweet little girl when she saw her mother’s face lengthen into a look of horror at the recital of her lover’s infidelity.—

Mary could not have fallen into a better family, the Vincents having heard her story wrote to the executor of the late Mr. Savage, and informed them of the circumstances, stating that he had contracted a marriage with a poor girl which he had never fulfilled, and having dispatched the

letter she desired the victim of his art to consider *her* house her own till she should find some situation more eligible.

A strange coincidence this ! and if it did not happen to be matter of fact, how improbable would it appear, but thus it is that fate jumbles men and matter so oddly, that here are at once brought together, the advocate of Savage, the wife of Savage, and the mistress of Savage.

Sweet is the task of consolation, and surely never was girl formed by heaven more fit to wipe away the tear of sorrow than Harriet, an angel herself she diffused her heavenly mildness round her, and happy was the lot of Mary that she had fallen into such a family,—but even *she* could deceive ; had she mentioned the grove, her stay would have been impossible, she knew it and was silent.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER this adventure of Mary's, she became more and more composed, and neither her kind hostess, nor her fair daughter suspecting any thing like guilt to have been concealed from them, in what appeared her simple narrative, she became a sort of companion for Harriet,—she liked her for the ingenuousness of her manners; and she had another great virtue in Miss Vincent's eyes;—she would patiently sit and let her talk of Musgrave, and never once interrupt her.

Harriet needed some associate, for her old friend Lucy Hammond was particularly engaged at this time on a business which generally involves the thoughts, mind, and person, of most young ladies

whenever it occurs, she was on the point of marriage with Mr. Delmar, the gentleman with whom she had become acquainted at Southampton, and who now, sanctioned by the approbation of her parents, was almost immediately going to make Miss Lucy a wife.

The bustle of the approaching ceremony, the purchasing ribbands for favours, gloves for friends, and cake for company, involved this young lady in a world of business; and wishing to engage Harriet to assist her in her occupation of *doing nothing*, she had required her company to act as bride's maid, and attend her and Delmar after the nuptials had taken place; to this request of the future Mrs. Delmar, Harriet could give no answer, she was entirely at the disposal of her mother,—as far as concerned *other people's* weddings;—and as the new married couple intended to leave England for Dublin, she feared that it would be im-

possible to comply with her friend's desire.

It was just at this period that the trial *MUSGRAVE versus MILTON* was to come on, and on the morning of its agitation Edward took his breakfast with the Vincents.

Here he appeared elated and happy, for he had in his own servants a chain of circumstantial evidence which proved the whole matter; no doubt could be entertained of the verdict, and after having made great havoc in their morning's meal, he sat off for the court, where,

“ The lawyers were met,

“ The judges all ranged—a terrible shew ;”

and with perfect confidence of success, he took his seat between two of his counsel, and anxiously waited the trial's being called,—the moment at length arrived, and the junior barrister having opened the business by stating the case,

Mr. Sergeant Sterling rose, and addressed the court thus :

“ My Lord,

“ In all professions there are services which are discordant with the inclination and grating to the feelings.—I never knew a stronger instance than the present ;—I am called upon by my duty,—a duty which I owe to my client,—to this honourable court, and to the world at large, to enforce to the best of my ability, the law against an acquaintance; I mention this, because I am aware how ready my adversaries will be to catch at any thing like a reasonable objection to my conduct; but, I am bold to say, no man ever executed a trust with more faithfulness than I will execute mine.

“ My lord, the cause has been stated to you with great perspicuity, by my learned brother; I shall, therefore, not take up more of your lordship’s time, than is merely necessary to display to your lord-

ship and the court, the enormity of the defendant's offence.

“ My lord, my client and his wife, the darling of his heart, the partner of his pleasures and his sorrows, the woman he adored,—the woman he idolized,—lived on the happiest terms;—newly married after an attachment attended with the most trying circumstances, they were felicitously enjoying the pleasure of the honey-moon; when the defendant, like a blight, came into his family, and tore from his arms, the solace of his life, the comfort of his existence.

“ My lord, I have known several cases in which similar events have occurred, but none hardly attended with such aggravated circumstances; captain Milton, it appears, was much attached to the plaintiff's lady before her marriage; but, my lord, can he plead this as an excuse for so vile an attack upon her afterwards.

“ Seducing and artful as he is, can he say any thing in extenuation of an offence mi-

litating against the laws of God and man? surely not, my lord, and therefore, instead of wasting time by descanting on the enormity of his conduct, I shall proceed to call sufficient witnesses to prove the fact we have alleged."

The domestics were then examined, and by several other testimonies, the adultery having been clearly proved, the evidence for the prosecution closed; upon which Mr. Garble rose, and made nearly the following speech, but with so much volubility, that the person who took it down was unable to keep pace with him verbatim, although he wrote it *short-hand*.

" My lord,

" I have heard it is impossible to say whether with more of astonishment or sorrow, my learned brother's endeavour to support the allegations brought against the defendant by the plaintiff in this cause:—my lord,—I was involved in a very cloud

of surprise when I listened to a statement of what he termed facts, which I shall clearly prove to your lordship, are not *facts at all*.

“My lord, in the first place, the statement by my learned brother Bullhead was entirely erroneous, inasmuch as there was not one *iota of truth in any part of it*—my LEARNED brother evidently was perfectly IGNORANT of his subject—at least I hope so—I should rather give him credit for want of knowledge, than lack of veracity; but, my lord, at all events let the error proceed whence it may, it is evidently my duty to undeceive the court in regard to several of the circumstances.

“My lord, my brother Bullhead told you that this couple were united, I think, my lord, he poetically said under the

“Auspices of Cupid and Minerva,”

though, for my own part, I cannot see what either of these deities could possibly have had to do with the match in

question, and am perfectly of the poet's opinion, who advises

“ Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus,
“ Inciderit.”

If to display his personal acquaintance with the divine personages, he chose to be allegorical, he should at all events have followed up his metaphor by allowing the blindness of the little god of love, and should have stated to you that the plaintiff merely married Miss Wilding for *what he could get*, for, as he has frequently stated in company, he *was* then and is *now* particularly attached to *another* lady !

“ My lord, my brother also forgot to state that his client enjoys a place under the crown purchased with his wife's jointure, which it likewise slipped his memory to mention, he took care to have paid him when it suited his convenience, and long before the marriage took place.

“ All this, my lord, I think it necessary to premise previous to my noticing my brother Sterling's amplification on the ground

laid down by my brother Bullhead.—If any thing can be more romantic than the matter of fact of the former (as he calls it), it is the interesting picture drawn by the latter.

“ My lord,—he has told you that the plaintiff and his lady whom he emphatically calls “ the idol of his soul and the object of his adoration,” lived upon very good terms, agreed my lord.—They lived in a way in which it was next to an impossibility to quarrel, for Mr. Musgrave was staying at Southampton and his wife at Clarges street ; the plaintiff left his wife on the third day after the marriage for a mistress in the country, telling her he was going to the northern extremity of England, while in reality he went due south.

“ The blight to which he compares my client, must be of a very inoffensive nature, and as he delights in metaphor, he should recollect that a gardener who knows any thing of the science of botany, is always aware, that it is only if he leaves his fa-

vorite plants uncovered in the night time that the blights can affect them—Mr. Musgrave took no precaution to cover his exotic, for allegorically speaking, it was left exposed to the dews, the damps, and the frosts :

“ Non frigore desit.”

“ His lady, my lord, was abandoned by him while he was amusing himself by a flirtation with her avowed rival.

“ My lord, if such conduct in a husband be admissible, I have done ; I can only say, that if I had been Mrs. Musgrave, I should have felt as she did, and as my client did.

“ My learned brother has talked of citing cases, I will suppose one in which I think I shall demonstrate my ideas with greater perspicuity, than by mere narration.—Suppose, my lord—that A. is a gentleman of property, who has three daughters, B., C., and D., and in his neighbourhood resides a widow lady E., whose son F., falls

in love with B.—he makes a confidant of his friend G., he whispers the matter to H., I., K., and L., who all agree on the necessity of his explaining his intentions.

“ F. persuaded by G., H., I., K., and L., goes to A., tells him the matter nearest his heart, and A. replies, that he thinks B. will have no objection, sends for her to his room, and explains matters, B. bursts into tears and goes to C., for the case is thus—that B. has already formed an attachment for another man, M. who has been so used to the society of N. and O., two cross rogues, that he fears to make application to B.’s father.

“ At this moment things growing desperate, M. elopes with B.—F. challenges him, upon which M. tells him he may go to L., but his second P., applying to a gentleman of Westminster, Q., for advice, he sends notice to R., S., and T., the Bow street magistrates who interrupt the duel, and U. the officer being sent, his com-

panion W., attended by X., ask Y., and they proceed altogether to Z.—They then, my lord, invite B to T., and when they come to the spot, take up the parties.

“The duel being prevented between F. and M.—I., being a talkative fellow, tells B. who is but a dronish girl at best, that F. is very fond of her, M. overhears it, and sends a challenge to I., this matter is accommodated, but M. in consequence proves very inattentive to his wife B., she advised by her sisters C. and D., leaves her home with F, after having refused him before—the cause is tried, and a verdict given against M. his ill conduct, and neglect of his lady being duly considered and proved.

“For, my lord, as your lordship knows, the canonists maintain, that a woman may as legally leave a husband as a husband leave a wife. Pope Boniface VIII., *as the priests had no wives of their own*, promulgated this doctrine for them to preach to the wives of others ; and, no reformatio legum having taken place, the papal ca-

nons remain in full force, and therefore, my lord, as well in law as in equity, I do conceive it a fair argument in this case to adduce the one I have just cited, on the ground of which I can defend my client, from the crimes of inticement and debauching alledged against him, it being nature, and I think justice, that a wife should leave a husband who———”

Thus far had the volatile pleader proceeded, when the judge on the bench interrupted him, by observing, that he could not hear such arguments adduced; “for,” said his lordship—“I do not conceive that it is a question that *can* be argued whether a woman is to commit heinous crimes, because her husband is inattentive; really I never heard such a doctrine introduced into a court of justice before, and I am apt to imagine, that my brother’s zeal has carried him farther than his judgment, the defence set up is so futile and trifling, that I must certainly direct the jury to find for the plaintiff.”

Upon this Mr. Tengtang, another of Milton's counsel, rose and said,

“ My Lord,

“ To this decision of your lordship's, we beg leave, with submission, to object, because, my lord, having failed in your lordship's opinion in the substantiation of our defence, we beg to adduce another circumstance, which we did not desire to bring before your lordship and the court, but, of which, we can bring sufficient testimony, and which will give us almost a legal right to the verdict.

“ My lord, I shall be able to prove to your lordship, a plurality of instances of Mrs. Musgrave's infidelity since her marriage in the persons of Sir Francis Edgrave,—Mr. Benflore,—and her own *coachman*.”

Poor Edward,—had you seen his countenance when this assertion was made;—the eyes of every body were in an instant directed to him, and his counsel themselves

changed in their manner and behaviour; no longer did the certainty of victory play in smiles on their foreheads;—now, the sad reverse contracted their brows, and after the hearing of witnesses, to prove the circumstances,—the learned judge, in consideration of the shocking character of the woman, and the youthfulness of Milton, desired the jury to find for the defendant, which verdict, they accordingly returned, and left our hero a defeated husband, unable to get a divorce, and saddled with all the expences of the trial; from this misfortune his leading counsel endeavoured to relieve him, by observing, that by lodging an appeal in the Arches, going over the matter again, and appealing to the delegates, he might, *perhaps*, get a verdict in his favour, and by allowing his wife a handsome maintenance, he could get rid of her company, and then by appeal to parliament for a divorce, his friend assured him, in ten or eleven years

at the expence of eighteen or twenty thousand pounds, he might possibly be wholly free from her altogether.

Here were new mortifications, new miseries for him, and his only consolation was, that by the liberality of the Albion Insurance office, he was enabled to defray the unexpected and heavy demands of the counsel,—the costs amounting ONLY to three hundred and forty pounds; and the bill he held upon the great house of Haverford, Bartlow and Shark, being for upwards of four hundred.

Thus, he consoled himself in his misfortunes, and calling on the Vincents on his return and not finding them at home, he took up the Morning Post, and read the following account,

“ FASHIONABLE WORLD.

“ Last night Mrs. Shark, the wife of the opulent merchant of that name, gave a superb entertainment to the beau monde

the rooms have been all newly fitted up in the most superb manner, and were lighted by Grecian lamps of *or molu*; the dancing commenced at about one o'clock with the favourite tune of *Lady Montgomery*,—led off by lord Henry Flyflap, and the elegant Miss Fanesull.

The floors were chalked in the most tasteful manner by an artist of the first celebrity, devices representing commerce, justice, and liberty, formed the centre ornament, and the whole of the decorations were superb in the highest degree.

The supper rooms were thrown open at two o'clock, and every delicacy of the season covered the tables; the strawberries, and cherries alone cost forty-seven pounds,—the whole of the service was silver;—the dancing recommenced after supper and continued till the sun warned the votaries of mirth to retire.

Among the company we noticed,
Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of
—— and ——

The Dukes of St. Alvin, Ruckland, Rickmore, Angle, Sunset and Manclester.

Duchesses St. Alvin, Manclester, Rickmore and Belford.

Marquisses of Stratford, Lambswool, Headboard and Acorn.

Marchioness of Verysly and Stratford.

Earls, Ponter, Lateral, Darbit, Porksmoke, Cranky, Grindle, Battledore, Siftem, Moidore, Hackbelly, and Mansfed.

Countesses of Darbit, Porksmoke, Cock, Battledore, Clackdevil, Addlemarle, Wizzlegrig, Bucklinghamshire, Shrewsvery, Catgut, and Vexborough.

Lords, Peterdam, Hareskin, Margate, Pollysman, Henry Flyflap, and Hammerton.

Ladies, Hammerton, Cavilditch, Emma Strangle, Charlotte Canter, Sarah Saveall, and Fanny Potsoboil.

Sirs, Alfred Dark, Charles Grim, and
Thomas Gagg.

Ladies, Brisket, and Dally.

Mrs's. Lambskin, Ling, Bradawl, Scamp-
bell, Bowvery, Courtly, Heath-
cock, Coltsfoot, Lasher, Craw-
fish, Sherryman, Scupp, Lum-
ber, and Spanker.

Messrs. Bang, Mellman, Nous, Shepping-
ton, Wallow, Hellish, Strapup,
Barks, Cranky, Gorgon, Attle-
sol, Lewsher, Muzzen, Cock-
up, Pogell, Ling, Bowvery,
Brownigg, Carver, and Hare-
skin.

Misses, Ling, Cockup, Bellesworth, Gor-
gon, Attlesots, seven Scupps,
two Spankers, Dally, Weazle,
Coward, Fancisul and Tripps.

This paragraph seasonably reminded
Edward that the day was arrived on
which the bill his friend had given him
became due, and fearing he was almost

too late, he sat off for the city to receive his money, when having reached the warehouses of the gay Mrs. Shark's husband, judge his astonishment on being told that he had been gazetted that very afternoon as a bankrupt. It was some time before he could believe it, but he was told upon close enquiry, that Mr. Shark had actually postponed the declaration of insolvency FROM THE TUESDAY TILL THE SATURDAY, THAT HIS WIFE MIGHT GIVE HER PARTY ON THE THURSDAY BETWEEN.

CHAPTER X.

THE poor unfortunate Mr. Musgrave as usual, foiled in his designs, and crossed in his pursuits, found himself by a common act of civility to a friend, which any other man would have committed with a certainty of no inconvenience, reduced to a very unpleasant situation.

Legal demands are strenuous ones, and those who make them, have sufficient knowledge of the power of the law to render them very troublesome creditors. Edward was therefore obliged to seek for a method at least to secure to them the payment of the costs, which were heavy and distressing; indeed the expences of a suit are so great, that I rather imagine it was on the reflection how *poor* a chance a poor man stands in a court of justice with-

out wealth to endure a defeat that the proverb was founded, which says,

“Necessity has no LAW!”

It being perfectly evident that it is a mere matter of fact.

To accomplish his design our hero therefore applied to a person in the vicinity of Westminster Bridge, who by advertising to succour those in need of ready money, had attracted his notice in the morning papers; he sent a letter desiring an interview, which this agent immediately granted, and on its taking place Musgrave informed him of his wish to borrow one thousand pounds upon good security.

The man with an air of consequence with which he well knew his client (as he called his prey), dared not be offended, hummed and ha'd, and blowing his nose once or twice, and rubbing his black eyebrows with the fore-finger of his right-hand, he walked up and down the

room in three of four different paces, and length broke silence.

“ With respect to your security,” said the lender, “ I have no doubts—and—of my responsibility, I trust you are equally satisfied.—But the money, Mr. Musgrave, is hard to be got at,—now,” continued he, “ I have three hundred and fifty pounds I can let you have in ready money,—one hundred and fifty in Burgundy,—bottled five years, high flavor, a perfect nosegay, sir, now in my cellars; two hundred pounds in the light and heat company; one hundred in the subscription brewery shares; fifty pounds in sassafras; thirty pounds worth of hay; twenty pounds worth of tallow candles, mould and store; one hundred in bearskin fur, Opera tickets, paving stones, and hardware; this way I can make up the sum, but else I don’t know how to do it.”

“ Well, sir,” said Musgrave, with all the rashness of a young man in distress—“ let me have it so then, and I will sign the bond for the payment.”

“ With all my heart, sir, and there is the draft for the money—the rest of the articles—shall I sell them, or ——”

“ Oh, certainly,” answered Musgrave, “ and send the account to me.”

The money lender took his leave, and Edward hastened to his solicitor to defray the expences of the suit,—the income from his situation, of which he had yet received none, would of course settle all the demands of this honourable agent, who in two months, returned him a true statement of the case.

Musgrave was as usual unlucky—the burgundy was pricked,—the shares in the light and heat company sold for three pounds ten each, the subscription brewery fetched its value, but the sassafras was lost in the river by the sinking of a barge, the hay was mildewed,—the candles melted by a fire next door to the premises, where they were stored, the bearskin was full of the moth; the hardware was all Birmingham, the paving stones did’nt pay

their carriage, and the opera tickets were in the hands of Mr. Hockham the book-seller, and the deuce himself could not get them out of them, so that Edward received one hundred and twenty-seven pounds for his six hundred and fifty, being at the same time obliged to pay rent, for a place to store the stones which were useless and the candles which were destroyed.

Thus duped by art as well as wounded by affliction, the MAN OF SORROW learned from experience that precipitate reliance upon strangers in London, meets always as its reward with deception, fraud, and eventually, destruction.

The system of speculation going forward in the metropolis is terrible to consider, the snares which are daily set for inexperience, the traps laid for the unwary are innumerable, and the readiness with which men are inveigled into them is wonderful, their credulity in pecuniary matters, is what party may be termed in po-

litics, the madness of many for the advantage of a few.

When we behold the gay equipages which tear up the pavements of the streets of the great and busy metropolis, what are the reflections which naturally obtrude themselves upon our minds, whence does such splendor arise?—To seek is a task of horror. Men who a few years since were drudging in the most servile capacities, now appear in splendid parties with noble fortunes, without an ostensible means of advancement; such men building their greatness on the ruin of others, like Musgrave's money lender when once they get property into their hands, contrive most ingeniously to keep it there.

By Herodotus we are told that in Egypt, king Amasis enacted a law commanding that every Egyptian should annually declare before the governor of the province in which he dwelt, by what means he subsisted, and in default thereof he was immediately put to death, seeing

that if a man had no means of livelihood it was naturally unfit that he should live.

Was such a law to be enforced in England, what a vast number of the Bond street litter who infest the metropolis would be swept away; for it would be as difficult for each of these *animalculæ*; to answer the question "how do you live?" as it is for them to determine, which of their hands happens to be the right one or which the left.

Musgrave, if possible, more desponding than ever, finding the arts of man exercised against him as well as the destiny of fate, felt a kind of callous sentiment towards every object round him. Harriet was evidently uneasy, ill and agitated in consequence of the separation which the LAW demanded, should *now* take place, between her and the only man she ever loved upon earth; and could he see the fair flower of her youth decay, the rose on her cheek turn pale, and the lily reign in triumph, without emotion? no—

conscious that HE was the cause of the visible change, which every day appeared more evidently, he could not look upon the languid girl without a sensation of the deepest anguish and regret, but yet they were not such as he had felt formerly, when hope cheered the dreary path of his life ; then something within bade him look forward to a time when all his sorrows might be relieved, but now the rites of the church had bound him to an *animated* creature, whose *spirits* had betrayed her into a very awkward situation, and the *law* would not allow him to rid himself of her; liable, therefore, to all the debts she might contract, he had only to rely on the spirit of liberality which had breathed itself in her letter, for exemption from difficulties, and freedom from confinement. Too proud to complain of distresses, he knew no one could relieve, Edward, with an assumed smile, still appeared in all the places and parties he was accustomed to visit, while in the hey-day

of his youth and vivacity, though not with the *eclat* he would have commanded had *he* been the defendant in the *crim. con.* case instead of the plaintiff; for though I hope I am just when I disbelieve the assertion that women admire the character of a libertine, yet certain it is that there are many living instances in the gay world at this moment of men becoming great with their female acquaintances, merely on the strength of having paid damages, for debauching a friend's wife, or seducing an intimate's daughter.

But with all this forced gaiety, the sigh of sorrow would continually heave his bosom; yes, when he remembered the smiles of his father which were wont to welcome him home, the kind kisses his doating mother used to bestow upon her darling boy; when he recalled the happy evenings passed as a child, seated by the blazing fire, or stretched on the rug before it, the delighted eyes of his fond parents fixed on him, as he amused them with

his antics; and contrasted the calm serenity of those scenes with the alarming heart-rending circumstances, in which he now found himself involved; the tear of recollection stole down his cheek and relieved his woes—could it be called a weakness?—if it was—let me remain a silly fool so long as I shall live.

But to return to Mary Williams, and the exertions used by the Vincents in her behalf.—The letter dispatched to the resident executor, had not left town more than ten days before an answer arrived enclosing a bill *for five hundred pounds*.

This amazing instance of liberality, most particularly surprised Mrs. Vincent, as the promise of marriage, Mary had mentioned Savage to have made to her, amounted to very little more than a hint at such an event by implication, no direct formal contract was ever entered into, and no evidence existed of *even a verbal* engagement having taken place.

The fact was, that Mrs. Ringer the

old housekeeper being on the spot at the time Mrs. Vincent's letter arrived, and perfectly in Mary's secret, on being applied to by Mr. Freeman young Savage's executor, to give what information she could on the subject of the girl, *she* willing to forward the fortune of the unfortunate Miss Williams, related the whole affair in terms at once so pathetic and so forcible, that the official gentleman stricken with shame and sorrow at his late friend's ill-conduct, after taking Mrs. Ringer's advice upon the subject, inclosed the bill before mentioned in the hopes of its being sufficient, effectually to raise the victim of his seduction above want and above the necessity of continuing in a life of vice, into which she had been lured by the arts of Savage.

Mrs. Vincent not being at all aware how matters stood between Mary and her late love, felt no small surprize on the receipt of the letter, but delighted, (as she always was when she had done a good ac-

tion) at having so well succeeded in her application, she enquired of her fair frail visitor, in what manner she would wish to have the money appropriated.

Women easily take impressions—and a vast deal turns on the whim of the moment, Mary had been reading during her stay at the Vincents a history of India, which had filled her brain with processions of palanquins, slaves, verhandas, mosques, and minarets, and she hardly ever retired to rest without dreaming herself on the back of an elephant surrounded by her mutse-dees, chubdars, pykes, peons, and coolleys.

Her disposition being thus *Hindostanified*, the moment she heard she was the mistress of five hundred pounds, she enquired if it would bear her through the expences of an East India voyage, and having ascertained that it would fully answer all demands she determined to export herself to Bengal by the next fleet that sailed.

Mary meant no harm by this resolu-

tion, it is very probable but what upon ; earth can equal the system of sending out women to India to get married, a system which is acted upon every season; for not a ship leaves England without whole bales of beauty on board bound for Bengal or some other settlement, where if they do not contrive to force somebody into espousing them on the voyage, they are distributed in a sort of *slave market* fashion, to be gazed at and finally to be tacked for their whole lives, (which heaven in its mercy shortens by the badness of the climate) to a parcel of sun-burnt blister-faced mongrel mahogany mulatto looking men, with a total contempt for decorum, decency, or their own inclinations.

Mary's desire to go to this burning region of traders in tea, and merchants of muslin, proceeded literally from a wish to see the country ; but when we look upon the women who are shipped off from our little island for such a mercenary purpose as husband-hunting, can we stifle the resent-

ment which rankles in the bosom against the parents and guardians of these unhappy girls, who rather than support them through a minority at home, send them abroad as a common article of merchandize to be sold to the highest bidder !

Let us make every excuse for the brutes who enforce this system as well as for the females who submit to their influence ; let us breathe a hope that no Englishwoman born in a land of freedom and spirit would consent to be sent out of it, on a scheme so contemptibly vile, so despicably desperate, but she who not only was destitute of fortune, but destitute too of the most remotest means of obtaining a decent livelihood by her own exertions, for what opinion can we entertain of females blest

“ With all the sex’s softness,”

who have not patience to wait for lovers at home, but pursue them abroad, who, instead of preserving the dignity of a character so essential in a woman, disgrace it by relinquishing all domestic ties,

all endeared relations, and display a brave and heroic defiance for common decency, by undauntedly braving winds, waves, suns and storms, in the avowed pursuit of husbands.

Will what a niggardly father may call the *prudence* ever counterbalance the meanness of such an action? Never ! for when a girl becomes thus contemptible in *design* there can be little doubt of her becoming *criminal* in *fact*.

Why the custom-house is silent, I cannot surmise. Any of the common produce of our island when shipped is noticed and examined strictly, but cargoes upon cargoes of what we prize the most in the whole catalogue of commodities BEAUTY, are exported without fee or impost.

Thanks to our legislature the slave trade in England is abolished,—would that the female trade to India could be exterminated in like manner !

Is there no youthful Wilberforce ready to start from his seat in the house, and

with as much energy as that worthy character enforced the inhumanity of a traffic in *black men*, to deprecate the system of exporting *white women*; for let us imagine, for heaven's sake, that the act of husband hunting is not their own,—they must be forced by some superior power or they never could think of such a plan.

'Tis prudence prompts the parent,—without a prospect beyond a few hundred pounds for his child's fortune, he proposes the trip to India as an advantageous mode of applying the money, and paints with ardour the delicious vanities of attendant slaves, fanning blacks, and obedient dependants,—these catch the poor girl's fancy and she is wrought upon to believe she shall shortly return with a noble husband loaded with rupees and rubies, sandal wood fans, shawls and crackers, cossacs, cush-raes, callipatees, doosooties, jamdannies, mulmuls, and moosooroos.

But can any situation, any calamity, justify conduct like this?—No, surely it is

wholly indefensible?—a similar argument might be adduced as forcibly by the less legal though not more nefarious prostitutes who walk the streets and depend for a subsistence on the liberality of itinerant lovers. —They of course may on the same ground place their wantonness to the accounts of their wants, but shall we allow the reasoning, or agree to the position?—No!—will it re-establish a ruined character? No! Say YES, and the barrier which divides vice from virtue is thrown down; and nothing more will be wanting to prove a common harlot immaculate than her poverty.

What says Horatius when asked by Valerius what his son could have done instead of flying from the Curatii? he *answers*, “He could have DIED!”

So,—(for I am no advocate for woman slaughter), surely may we ask why had not the females to whom such excursions have been proposed rather stooped to the humblest offices where their purity would have been unsullied, than have *aspired* to

matrimonial honors to disgrace it?—but let us close the disquisition, or I shall presently be impertinent enough to ask whether it is pride or necessity that carries these dames away from us?—and whether it is the want of the decent comforts of life or the wish to obtain the vain superfluities of it?—questions—of which

“ the least said is soonest mended,”

except by answering them for Mary Williams who expressed her simple wish of taking the voyage, without a thought of interestedness or advantage. Her desires, however, were shortly accomplished, for under the immediate protection and in the ship of Capt. Ransley, to whom she was introduced by the Vincents, she left England for Bengal, in about five weeks after the formation of her first resolve.

CHAPTER XI.

AMONG the different friends who appeared to wish to console Musgrave, was Sir Joseph Jonquil, the learned gentleman with whom he had become acquainted through his wife ;—this baronet happening to meet him, invited him to meet a party of his friends, to whom he was going to give a dinner on the Friday following.

Edward, delighted amid all his sorrows with any thing like science and knowledge, accepted the invitation, and on the appointed day proceeded to the baronet's house, at which a royal duke was invited, and already arrived.

Musgrave had been like many other men, seized at one time of his life with a *mania* for poetry, and had actually written a small volume of poems (chiefly satirical) which his lady had in her possession before

her marriage, and which she had lent to Sir Joseph, (*unpublished* trash being always read with more avidity than sense in print,) as a rare specimen of her lover's genius, which she declared (and her assertion was backed by the testimony of the Albemarle street Mæcenas) she was sure if printed on wove paper, splendidly embellished, wide margin, and superb engravings; would run through as many editions as *The Winter in London*, or *The Miseries of Human Life*!!!

Surr and Beresford would be eclipsed in the fashionable world, and Musgrave's poems be the order of the day; one of these effusions Edward was told by Sir Joseph he should request him to read, as it was the custom of the house, that each person in the party should display whatever talent he possessed, *pro bono* of the rest.

Musgrave having wholly forgotten the nature of the book, immediately consented, and the party proceeded to dinner, where dependents and patrons, dukes and doctors,

blockheads and baronets, all were ranged in order;—it was a grand party of Sir Joseph's, by which he cleared off thousands of obligations—

“——— Quod tu discumbere jussus,
 “ Mercedem solidam veterum capis officiorum ;
 “ Fructus amicitiae magna cibus.”

now unluckily for Musgrave on passing down St. James's street, he had in the morning seen a caricature involving a very exalted personage in a ridiculous situation, which without considering whither its satire was directed, he purchased as a comic performance, and having paid the price of the print, put it carelessly in the pocket of his coat, which from the hurry he had dressed in, he had not changed before he came to Sir Joseph's party.

After dinner the gentlemen having returned to the drawing room—(these *dry* dogs disdaining wine,) Edward was surprised by hearing the noble Duke burst out into a laugh as he passed him, and was

if possible, more shocked by observing the ladies who were of the party, in a titter as he approached them.

He could not at all conceive what it was that occasioned their mirth, and having in vain cast his eyes over his figure, he addressed Sir Joseph himself, who though standing like a skeleton in a glass-case, without a smile upon his countenance, burst into a horse laugh on Musgrave's speaking to him,—tormented as usual our hero could not conceive the cause of this mirth, till Sir Joseph who, as his host could take more liberties with him than any other of the party, led him to a glass and displayed to him his own countenance dyed to a deep purple,—he had used a d'oyley after dinner to purify his face, which being badly coloured stained his whole visage on being wetted ;—the confusion poor Musgrave was in, on the discovery was mortifying, though the very incident proved that he had come from the dinner table with *flying colors*.

Surprised at the azure appearance he made in the mirror—he suddenly dragged out his pocket handkerchief to wipe his face, when the corner of it having entwined itself with the aforementioned caricature,—sent the satirical print from its hiding place, and with its owner's good fortune it fell at the feet of the illustrious personage, whom it was decidedly *ridiculing*. Judge Edward's sensations, when he beheld the noble prince offering him the print, which with his usual condescension he had picked up for him. If you can picture his feelings then, judge what they must have increased to, when stepping back to make way for his highness he put his foot upon Miss Jonquil's favourite dog, who setting up a horrid yell induced him to jump forward again, in doing which he overturned and broke into a thousand pieces, an antique vase which Sir Joseph had purchased the day before for eight hundred guineas, and which was supposed to be the actual chamber-pot of Cleopatra herself.

Shortly after these mishaps, which were sufficient to have tired the patience of Job, or the philosophy of Diogenes, Sir Joseph with all the good temper of a fool, having picked up the pieces of the precious pot, called upon our hero for the recital of one of his poems; Edward not choosing to refuse a man who had kindness enough to ask a favor, after he had committed what some would have deemed an unpardonable offence, immediately upon receiving the book from his host, without consideration or reflection, read a severe lampoon on the fashionable world, several members of which, who were dignified by being noticed in the poem, were actually sitting round him to listen to their own abuse, for great folks are known by deeds, and Edward was not personally acquainted with them.

His satire began by a pointed attack upon a lady of fashion, who had contrived to marry all her daughters to dukes, after trying at an emperor for a son-in-law;

one of the identical young ladies, and her noble husband were close at Musgrave's elbow, and on his reaching the conclusion of the lines, they immediately rose and nodding to Sir Joseph left the room, they were followed by several of their hangers-on, who thought proper to pursue the line of conduct laid down by their patrons.

Unconscious of this dire mishap he still continued (most obligingly) his poetry, till coming to some lines, in which a little minister was turned into the most abject ridicule for his efforts at taxes, and his partiality for dancing, he saw one of his audience jump up, make a *pirouette* from the fire place, and lead off in a minuet step towards the door, when making a dancing master's bow and a budget of apologies (thus blending his vocations) he took his departure, attended by a few other men who like Jupiter's moons lent him light while they appeared to be his dependents.

This did not strike him, however, to be

the result of his endeavours to amuse, and therefore with the most heroic fortitude, he proceeded with great energy to rehearse a violent invective against several of the poets of the day, and after having with infinite humour, satirised the system of book-making, cutting as he went at sonnets, lays, and cantos, he was going on to ridicule several of the more celebrated writers of epic poems, when two gentlemen, who were placed opposite the unfortunate reader, seemed rather affected and immediately after rose and departed.

Every line sent away somebody, but at length the very exalted personage who particularly patronised Sir Joseph, having laughed most heartily at the confusion Musgrave was unwillingly creating, was suddenly seized with a fit of the serious, by the recital of four severe lines of animadversion upon himself.

His mirth was turned to rage, and on his rising to depart the whole party instantly left their seats, and it was a long

time before the company were sufficiently composed to allow of our hero's proceeding with this ode, which, however, he did most nobly for about twenty lines, in the course of which he had driven away three peers, two bishops, a baronet, two city knights, one sheriff, a brace of doctors, and nine members of parliament.

In short by the time that he had finished half the poem, the greater part of the company having gradually slunk off, Sir Joseph thought it necessary to let him into the secret cause of their departure, by telling him that his satire however *just* was rather too *severe*, considering that the objects of its venom were sitting round him.

This intelligence threw the MAN OF SORROW into one of his usual dilemmas. "Good God! how very unlucky," murmured he, as he carefully doubled up the manuscript work, and with all the confusion of a detected felon, returned it to his coat pocket,— "would that it had never

left it," thought the unfortunate youth, and rising from his seat he proceeded to question his friend Sir Joseph, as to the seriousness of his assertion concerning the persons attacked in his satire.

"You may rely on it, I have spoken the truth," said the baronet—"that gentleman with the broad back who sat next my sister, is the very peer you have ridiculed, and that little ugly man who was talking to Miss Lambdon is the dancing gentleman noticed in your satire, but I allow the justness of all your remarks yet——"

"My dear sir," said Edward—"I am shocked—to have acted thus towards your friends, and such friends too, distresses me beyond description—I shall never be able to bear the sight of them again."

"Not a word of apology, my kind fellow," said Sir Joseph, "I see by your manner it was unintentionally done on your part, therefore think no more about it, the men you have attacked are almost callous now,

for every poet who has sense to write, has judgment enough to write against them, so that they have become perfectly used to it, and don't value satire a farthing. This way of accounting for their mildness pleased while it astonished our hero, who shortly after took his leave quietly, inwardly wishing Sir Joseph and his whole party had been butterfly-hunting at Botany bay, before he had ever fallen in with them.

When he quitted this temple of genius, it was about twelve o'clock, and unluckily it happened that a masquerade was given at the Pantheon in Oxford street on the same evening.—Worried by his own reflections, and attracted by the bustle, he resolved to waste an hour in the crowd of fantastique figures, with which the rooms were thronged.

He accordingly strolled in and hiring a domino, and purchasing a masque at the door he proceeded to ask questions of every body he met, in the usual method of

these meetings, till the sound of a bell announced the supper rooms open, and as in the supper lies the spirit of the thing, he followed the general crowd, and soon seated himself at a table, where he determined not to unmask.

Next him sat a dashing young man in a pink domino, trimmed with blue, on his left, a mother Goose ; opposite to him a methodist parson, and on his right a Venus de Medicis. Thus grouped, the party were enjoying their mirth, when Musgrave suddenly missed his watch ; conscious of having had it when he came to the table, he was perfectly conscious also that his beau neighbour in pink, was the pick-pocket, he therefore left his seat, and went to the doors, where finding a Bow-street officer, he got him a mask to conceal his face, and on returning to the room gave in charge of him the dashing man in the pink domino, whom they found conversing with a lady in a blue one.

The officer recognized him, and beck-

oning him, was immediately followed out by the hero, to whom he having imparted the secret that Mr. Musgrave had been drawn (*robbed*), he added, if he didn't give up the tatler, (*watch*)—he the trap (*thief-taker*), would carry him before the beaks (*justices*), which he would find rather a disagreeable bit of business.

He strenuously denied the fact, and on being searched at the watch-house, nothing appearing upon him to justify his detention, he was discharged; the officer at the same time telling Musgrave, that if he would take the trouble to call at Bow-street office the next morning, he was sure he should be able to get the watch for him; Musgrave immediately obeyed, and leaving the Pantheon, returned home for the night, about five in the morning, with the loss of his rest, his money, and his watch.

The next day he called at the public office as he had promised, and his surprise was not small, when the officer who

had made the appointment, upon seeing him, walked up to him and displayed his watch.

Being Saturday, it was the day under the jurisdiction of Mr. Goodly, a man who, while with rigid impartiality he distributes justice, never allows the knowledge of his superiority in that office to get the better of his feelings of humanity.

Mild yet penetrating, amiable while severe, this worthy magistrate relieves the unfortunate as readily as he punishes the guilty, and by his conduct in private life, deserves the respect he must command in his official capacity—he is in truth—

“*Bonus atque fides*

Judex.——”

This excellent man had just taken his seat on the bench as Musgrave entered the temple of justice, which he found to be a simple, plain, grey stuccoed room, orna-

mented only with the arms of the kingdom, and the bust of a deceased magistrate.

After the usual salutations were over, Mr. Goodly enquired of Musgrave his business, and on being informed of it, with his usual politeness he ordered the prisoner to be called forward.

On the man's being put to the bar, the officer who had the watch was called on to give his evidence, and he accordingly began the detail, in which he acquainted the magistrate, that after he left Mr. Musgrave, being conscious that the prisoner, (who was the man our hero had marked out in the pink domino) had taken the watch, he returned to the room, and saw him in high spirits conversing with the lady in blue, that he then kept his eye upon them till they left the Pantheon, and when they entered a hackney coach at the door, he followed the vehicle to a house in the vicinity of Portman Square, into

which the prisoner and the lady went together.

He then returned to the office, and having procured assistance proceeded to the house, and having obtained admission, rushed into a chamber, where he found the prisoner in bed with a female, who proved to be the lady in the blue domino, and on a dressing table, among some other trinkets lay a watch, which by Musgrave's description, the officer concluded was his, and accordingly seized.

He then made his prisoners equip themselves, and removed them to the Brown Bear in Bow street, preparatory to their examination at the office.

The man on being charged with the theft, denied the fact, and said that the woman had shewn him the watch, and had told him a gentleman at the masquerade had given it her.

"Where is the woman?" enquired Mr. Goodly, "let her be brought in."

Accordingly the lady was introduced, her face was covered with a thick veil, and she betrayed strong emotions upon being placed at the bar.

She was asked several questions which she answered so faintly, that the replies were obliged to be repeated by one of the thieftakers who attended her, and were so very unsatisfactory, that Mr. Goodly said he felt it his duty to commit her for trial, binding over Musgrave to prosecute at the next sessions.

At these words the stifled feelings of the prisoner became too acute to be repressed, her anguish became ungovernable, and in a paroxysm of sorrow, she stifled with her tears, and with a terrible scream she fell lifeless over the rails of the bar, into the arms of the officer.

Humanity, feeling, nature prompted assistance to a woman in distress, and Musgrave leaping forward to add his efforts for her restoration, received a wound

unutterable, when on drawing back her veil to give her air, he beheld in the guilty culprit, his lost degraded wife—the animated FANNY WILDING.

“My God!” exclaimed the distracted young man, “it is my wife!—she whom I have sworn to help, support, and succour—what can I do?—she must not be convicted—by *me*—rather may I perish!”

Horrified, astonished, and confounded at the sight, he turned to the magistrate, and demanded a moment’s private conversation with him, this the kind man immediately granted, and Musgrave having explained the dreadful peculiarity of his situation, he consented to discharge both the prisoners, and accordingly

“Wresting the Law from its authority
To do a great right he *did* a little wrong,”

and signed a release for the culprits, Ed-

ward did not return to the office, but requesting the benevolent Mr. Goodly to accept his gratitude, retired to the Hotel overwhelmed by distress at the spectacle he had just witnessed.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER the scene Musgrave had witnessed, my reader must easily imagine what his sensations were, as he took a solitary dinner at the coffee-house.

To part from Fanny in the first week of their marriage and to meet thus, the idea was grating, horrid to his feelings ; and in his usual mode to console himself and quiet his " perturbed spirit," he strolled to the house of Mrs. Vincent where he proposed taking his tea.

Here he found disappointments, and vexations at hand. Lucy Hammond was the next week to be married to Mr. Delmar, with whom she was to proceed immediately to Ireland where all his property was, and Mrs. Vincent had actually promised for

herself and daughter to accompany them on their Hibernian trip.

Musgrave heard this intelligence with something very like discontent,—he affected to look pleased, and was ashamed that he could not succeed in his efforts till, glancing his eye towards Harriet, he observed that her attempts at pleasantry were as ill performed, and her detestation of the excursion as ill dissembled.

Musgrave the moment he heard of this scheme, felt an inordinate desire to visit the sister country, but his occupation, trifling as it was in point of labour, in point of responsibility, confined him to England, and there was no chance of his seeing his Harriet for six months at least.

Six hundred years could not have appeared a longer period than these six months, when mentioned as a term of separation, Musgrave's spirits for the evening were gone, and no force of his could regain them.

Lucy and her lover entered the party

about nine, and music was proposed, Musgrave joined in the trios and the duetts, but his heart was full and the very sound of the instrument was detestable.

Mr. Delmar expressed his pleasure at being acquainted with our hero and ventured to hope that he should be favoured with a visit to Dublin, where he assured him there would be always a hearty welcome and a bottle of claret at his service.

Delmar was a sort of *mule* Irishman, he was born in Ireland and educated in England, and had that sort of sweet urbanity and flattering mildness in his manner that make their way to the heart through the ears, he had just voice enough to sing prettily, taste enough to draw tolerably, and possessed the three great qualifications for a pleasant companion—Wit,—good humour and a white set of teeth.—

It may appear ridiculous, but I have always observed it to be a literal fact, that the surest way of getting together a lively merry party is to invite such friends as

happen to be blest with particularly fine teeth, no incitement to fun equals it. For no sooner does one of the party perceive the regularity of rows in which the masticators of the rest of the company are ranged, than anxious to display his own, he immediately tells a droll story or relates a facetious anecdote, merely as a plausible excuse for grinning, and as he hopes eclipsing the ivory of his neighbours; emulation glows in the breasts of the listeners, and to outvie the narrator, they enjoy the joke prodigiously, and thus an evening will pass off with the most astonishing hilarity, all of which will have its origin in that great stimulative to action.—*Vanity!*

Delmar was one of the very species, and instead of attributing his wit to natural humour, inherent genius or rare talent, it was all to be placed to the account of Messrs. Spence, Dumergue and Ruspini by whose arts and artifices his *talents* had been polished and sharpened into the most exquisite evenness and regularity.

In the *enjoyment* of this society, Musgrave remained till supper, of which meal he partook with a degree of readiness that reminds one a good deal of Achilles in the *Iliad*.

For though his heart was broken, he could eat and like the son of Peleus and Thetis seemed to say

— νῦν δὲ μῆσώμεθα δ' ἄρτι

Καὶ γὰρ πύχομος Νιόβη ἐρήτο' σίτη

Τῆπερ δώδεκα παῖδες ἐνὶ μεγάροισιν ὀλοντο.

In the middle of the repast, however, he received the following note rather unexpectedly from the Earl of Rosemore.

“Dear Musgrave,

“If you should like to have a seat in Parliament—I think I can serve you,—let me see you to night.—

“Yours, Rosemore.”

A seat in Parliament, thought Edward.

like it?—to be sure I should,—the very height of my ambition.——

“ My dear Mrs. Vincent,” said he, addressing the fair mistress of the mansion, “ I must leave you.—A letter of the utmost importance calls me hence immediately, I will if possible return, till when, farewell.”

Saying which and casting a look at his angelic Harriet, he proceeded to the earl’s house, where he found its noble master waiting to receive him.

His lordship immediately entered upon business, and the matter stood thus:

Lord Rosemore was the *leader* of his party, or at least, he was one of the foremost of its phalanx, and he feared an opposition too formidable for their strength, it was therefore his interest to obtain all the voices he could in the house, and knowing Edward’s wish to become a senator he sent notice to him of a vacated seat in Cornwall.

He then related to our hero, that the borough he would represent, was always under

the immediate controul of the ——— of ——— which situation he then held, and that therefore Edward had nothing to do, but to dispose of his present place (which was not tenable with a seat) and which he would find an immediate purchaser for in the person of Mr. Hagler, a gentleman of his lordship's acquaintance.

That when he had done this, he should proceed with a letter from Lord Rosemore as ——— of ——— to the *independent* electors of the place, who would (as was their duty) return him without opposition, that whatever expence he might be at, his lordship would take care should be defrayed out of the purse appropriated for secret services, and that when once in the house his fortune was indubitably made.

All these advantages the minister so cleverly displayed, that Edward began really to think his luck had experienced a change, and with a heart overflowing with joy, he left his noble patron till the morning, and returned to the party

at the Vincents in better spirits than he had left it.

Here, he disclosed the whole secret, and stated the necessity he was under of leaving town the next day with Neville, his solicitor, on a canvass, which it was always customary to appear busied in; though the voters were as safely tied up as madmen in St. Luke's.

Harriet experienced all the mutation of sorrow and pleasure during his detail : that any thing should occur to brighten the prospects of her Edward, delighted her; but, that they should be obliged to part four and twenty hours sooner than she imagined, was a heart-breaking reflection to her, for though her mother (and indeed not improperly) had often cautioned her not to give way to the passion she could discover she still cherished in all its ardour for our hero, yet caution on a subject like this, was superfluous; and Harriet would only reply to her remonstrances in a fa-

vourite air, which mamma——*did not* understand;—

“ Madre, la mi madre
Guardas mi poneis
Que si yo no mi guardo
No mi guarderis,

“ Crece en infinito
Encerrando amor,
Por esso es major
Que no mi encerreis.”*
Que si, &c.

* This simple beautiful sonnet from the *Zeloso Estremeno* of *Cervantes*, has been so charmingly translated by Mr. Pye the ingenious poet laureat, that I cannot refrain giving my readers a few lines of it.

“ Mother with watchful eye you strive,
My freedom to restrain,
But know unless I guard *myself*,
Your guard will be but vain.

Edward continued with them till near two in the morning, when the moment arrived in which they were to part for six long tedious months.

When Edward came to take leave of the bewitching sylph whose hand he held in his, what could he do?—the room was full of other people,—how could he express what he felt?—words would not,—*could* not do

“Love when oppressed does but encrease
And strength superior gain,
’Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein.”

“The raptur’d heart which once has felt
A sense of love’s delight,
Flies like the moth’s impetuous wing,
To find the taper’s light.”

“A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne’er the will restrain,
For, if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain!”

it,—he looked at Harriet,—and in her sweet, blue eyes twin tears were standing, heralds from her heart to tell its sorrow.

He looked down,—one of those very tears fell upon her hand,—it soon had a companion,—the briny drops mingled,—and pressing her fervently to his breast,—without one word did he leave the room.—

Oh, what were his feelings !—

Resignation of spirit is far from betraying a want of courage,—such submission proves the strength of fortitude,—complaining is the effect of cowardice, it is at once mutinying against our officer and flying from our colours.

Musgrave bore his sorrows without a struggle,—he saw, he fancied himself ill-fated, he conformed to his destiny and with an evenness of temper, hardly paralleled made a virtue of necessity,—he was of the same opinion as that writer who said,

“ Non est aliud effugium necessitates quam velle quod ipsa cogat.”

He was conscious that complaints were unavailing, and that however he might struggle against his misfortunes it would be with no better effect than attends the efforts of a man in whose breast the sword of his enemy is fixed,—while it remains quiet the danger is not so great, but if he attempt to remove it,—the wound is irritated, the anguish increased and the mortality made certain.

Not one word of discontent escaped his lips as he returned to the hotel, where to try his patience to its full bent, he found *another* letter from his wife,—confused and worried as to the business he had to do in the morning, and tortured at the thoughts of losing Harriet as he imagined for ever,—he could have dispensed with this additional *item* in his catalogue of sorrows, however determined as he was to do his *partner in life* all the justice in his power, he opened the *envelope* and discovered the following lines:

“Your kindness is great,—your humanity never to be forgotten,—I was in your power,—you have shewn me mercy and I will be grateful.—

“Milton, like all men who succeed in their efforts upon weak women,—left me in a fortnight after our elopement,—too poor to live, too proud to beg,—with a contempt for lady Rosemore and an inveterate hatred for the hypocrite Anastasia Sensitive, I have been forced into a way of life too horrible even to be mentioned.

“Had I reflected before I plunged into the tide of sin, in which I am now involved, I would have died of want before I would have submitted to the perpetration of acts I now am guilty of.—

“Oh, Musgrave, see your once delicate and flattered Fanny,—a prostituted, out-cast female,—in two short months have I been taught the vanity—of vanity.

“Reduced to infamy by my own conduct, what a reverse have I proved in my

existence—three short fleeting months are only passed since, followed by fashion, patronized by taste, and applauded by merit, I was the star of Lady Rosemore's hemisphere.

“ Flattered into a belief of my own excellence, I regarded every body as subservient to me ; I was taught by her ladyship to fancy myself the greatest and the best of women—oh—in how little a time has heaven undeceived me!—not a human being notices me ; subject to the embraces of every wanton libertine, my peace is gone for ever.

“ Death ! Musgrave, would be to me a quiet harbour from the stormy billows of a miserable existence, but the courage—the courage is wanting to rid myself of life—I daily see my best, my most intimate friends pass me—yes, Musgrave, and all my talents are lost, wasted ! I that might have been ! my God, aye ! *might have been* the happy wife of an honour-

able man — and in the same circle, with the same applause as I always knew.—

“ Had I freed my silly mind from ridiculous jealousy, had I looked upon you as a kind protector, had I been as I ought to have been, the counterpart of yourself, in every action, will, design, expression, we might never have been separated—but it is Anastatia that is to blame, *she*, from whose door I am spurned as a hated object, because—*a detected one.*

“ Oh, Musgrave, if a warning from a woman not *quite* lost to decency can ever avail the world, let mine be taken: let unity govern the hearts of married people, and the enjoyments of the state of matrimony, will be found to excell all the sinful pursuits of vice and passion, which neither maintain the dignity of human nature, nor perfect the design of our creation.

“Yes—I can discriminate—alas, too late, and I would not have ever written to you again to remind you of my existence, but to inform you that the sight of scenes so well known, of persons by whom I have been caressed, racks my unfortunate heart to such a degree of torture, that I have resolved to leave England—seek not to discover the place of my retreat—I care not myself—treat me with a similar indifference—to me there is no preference of situation—all places are alike, the same nature is common to all countries—the same sky—the same elements—the eye can never carry me more than a few miles from the spot of my residence—all are hateful to me—I am hateful to all—where the scene of my sorrow lies, I care not.

“Your mercy—how shall I thank you for?—I was *not* the thief—no—the man who was detected gave *me* the watch—I recognized it—but was silent—you alone

can judge my feeling.—a seal *I* had given you was attached to it—my heart was breaking—would that I had then expired—what tortures might have been saved me!

“ Driven from the house where I was detected, I am about to fly my native country—my poor wretched father is ignorant of my conduct—his eyes are not good enough to read the papers, and the same cause prevents his writing to me—my sister Mary is his only comfort—an innocent amiable girl—I was like her, I might have been like her still—when I was at home—————oh—when I recall that time—why do I think on the past, it is ridiculous to reflect—I have no home now—in a house of the vilest class I am now writing to you—without one shilling to buy me food, and with but one means of raising a pittance to preserve me from starving—you shall never know where I am Musgrave, I *can* die, but I cannot re-

ceive alms from you—I am going to pawn my father's picture—I have it here—he smiles upon me—he seems to speak to me—to me——*he* speak to me!—never—never—never.—

“Husband!—Musgrave!—Edward!—farewel for ever—I would pray to God to bless you and make you happy, but in prosperity, I scorned religion, I derided my Creator—will he listen to me now—sinful—detested and abhorred?—the appeal would be profanation—I have no friend—no home—no parent—that Heaven would relieve me from my sorrows, I do venture to pray—but if it is a punishment to live, I deserve a patriarchal age—yes—I have betrayed, deceived my husband, and I am estranged from virtue—that I may meet forgiveness I can barely hope.

“Farewell—for ever,

“*Fanny.*”

—he dropped a tear upon her name, and silently folding up the letter, walked from the coffee room to his chamber—poor Musgrave how I pity thee!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Vincents were now gone, Lucy was now married—for it was eleven o'clock as Edward reached lord Rosemore's, attended by his solicitor in a travelling carriage, which the earl had dispatched for his *protegé*, the coronets on which would be a sort of deputy passport to the voters at ———, the earl not being allowed to appear engaged in the contest, as a member of the other house.

Mr. Hagler, the purchaser of Edward's place, was at lord Rosemore's, and the bargain having been made by the earl before our hero's arrival, he received of the gentleman three thousand five hundred pounds, in payment for an office which had cost him four thousand: but the readiness with which Mr. Hagler advanced the

real money, and the urgent necessity for immediate remuneration to Edward induced him to think it a very fine bargain, and having divested himself of all his property, the deluded young candidate set out for Cornwall at about one o'clock in the forenoon.

Most young men in a similar situation, would have had their minds engrossed with views of hustings, placards, ribbands and dinners—not so with Musgrave, he was thinking of blue eyes, fair hair, delicate complexions, harps, rondos, smiles, pressings, and kisses—he did not bestow a thought on any thing but Harriet Vincent, and instead of making up accounts of his election expences, he was calculating at what distance they should be at from each other at bed-time.

On the evening of the second day he reached in the town; notice of his arrival having been given, a meeting of the electors was called, which was numerously attended by the whole party, amounting

to three hundred and twenty-nine—the total number of voters was three hundred and fifty—seventeen were ill or out of the place—and *four* chose to vote after their own conscience.

At this assembly Edward was received with rapture,—his speech was heard with enthusiasm, and *Musgrave for ever* resounded throughout town.

Elated and inspired, Musgrave invited the ladies of the neighbourhood to a ball and supper, and the election being fixed for the Friday following, the erection of hustings commenced.

Wednesday arrived—of course no other candidate appeared—all was safe ground, and Edward having canvassed three hundred and ten votes successfully, felt all the delight of the chairing by *anticipation*, took all the consequence to himself of franking letters, being free from arrest, and crying out *hear, hear*, in the house, (the most eloquent part of many orator's

speeches there) and he was delighting himself by practising his *grateful* speech to the electors on his *return*, when he received the news that an opponent had arrived—this astonished him, as he saw no hopes of success for him, but the same circumstance that made him wonder, prevented him from fearing, for he knew the *worthy* electors were so completely dependent on the ministry, that let be in who might, they must obey him, and following up the proverb “that a good horse cannot be of a bad colour,” would have contended that a candidate stood in the same predicament, and if the premier had proposed a black for their member, would have returned Mungo to parliament without opposition.

Thursday past away, the morning came, the Hustings were opened, the sun shone full upon their front, and the murmuring croud waited as impatiently the arrival of the candidates, as the Portuguese populace

at a *Fiesta de Toros* sit upon the stretch of expectation for the coming of the bulls.

At length colonel Freemore, the new candidate appeared, he was welcomed with shouts and huzzas by the mob—presently Musgrave followed, but no sooner did he appear, than groans, hisses, and peltings, drove him from the front of the hustings.

Astonished at this extraordinary reverse of fortune, he left the shed of election, and returned to the inn till three o'clock, when he again appeared, and on the poll's closing the numbers were—

For Colonel Freemore	94
—— Edward Musgrave, Esq.	7

Majority 1st. Day,	93
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On the annunciation of the poll to the people, they shouted approbation, and Col. Freemore stepping forward, returned his acknowledgements, begged them to continue their exertions, and retiring, was

dragged to the King's Arm Inn by the crowd.

Musgrave in vain endeavoured to be heard, groans interrupted his speech, and a very popular cry respecting religion, which for decency's sake I will not repeat, filled up the intervals between the uproar.

Wholly at a loss to conceive what could be the reason of this conduct in the people, he by a hand bill reminded them of their promise, and two of the independent men declaring they would support him he a second time met Col. Freemore upon the Hustings, and at the close of the second days poll, the board stood

For Col. Freemore,	-	201
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Edward Musgrave, Esq.		13
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Majority Second Day,		188
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Musgrave could no longer endure this defeat, his philosophy was worn out, and at

the close of the poll on the third day, when the numbers were 308 to 21, and when, of course the Colonel was declared duly elected, our hero after wishing him joy on his return, asked him by what means he had gained the majority of suffrages.

“Simply thus,” replied the elect man, “you came down on the ministerial interest—I came down on the ministerial interest too, but then the administration who upheld you were all turned out of office last Tuesday night, and this you did not know,—but I came armed with a letter from the ——— of the *new* party so that my triumph proceeds merely from my having told this story to the electors, who always follow the stream, and have carried the day in my favour.”

So that it eventually proved that Lord Rosemore had sent down his candidate, but being dismissed from office the following day, in the strength of his grief it had entirely slipped his memory, and he suf-

ferred our hero to spend two thousand pounds in a fruitless cause, and allowed him to be hooted out of the town, his own carriage broken to pieces, and his name reviled as the friend of revolution, because he was afflicted at a disgrace *himself* had incurred.

Pelted, hooted and hunted out of the place, Musgrave proceeded in the dusk of the evening to a neighbouring sea port, where having dispatched Neville to London, he determined to remain for a day or two in peace, but here an incident occurred to him which my readers could as little suspect as he did himself, half an hour before it happened.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ANITUS and Melitus may kill me,” said Socrates, “but they cannot hurt me,” —Musgrave was a modern Socrates, and used the misfortunes which were perpetually occurring as stimulatives to him to exert his energies, his virtue, and his patience;—like a sailor in a storm, he buffered the violence of the tempest, and shewed his skill in following his duty piously as a christian.

From his sorrows he had learned much, —constancy and courage were now his helpmates, by their assistance he still hoped to triumph over fortune and the world; his misfortunes had made him acquainted with HIMSELF—made him know his own strength of mind, and by frequent attacks told him for what portion of re-

solution he might rely upon his own fortitude.

Demetrius (and he knew a little,) said "that no men were truly miserable but those who had never met with misfortunes and afflictions," and compared their lives to still water where there is a perpetual stagnation for want of storms to agitate its surface.

Misfortunes are only to be considered as misfortunes when they come as a rebuke, as the rod of an angry parent to reclaim his children, and are the punishments of men for some guilty action, which recal them to a sense of their duty, and even then,

"From the nettle danger we pluck the flower safety ;"

for even then, like the pain of bleeding or medicine, the sufferings they inflict *pro tempore*, are counterbalanced completely by the advantages from them, arising to the system in general.

Our hero certainly saw misfortune in its fairest light ; at first in his outset he murmured, but he saw the futility of his complaints—the inefficacy of his discontent, and therefore resolved in his career through life, never to set himself in opposition to the will of fate, and thus blow the chafing embers into a violent flame, but to stoop under the blow, and let its fury pass over him.—He had therefore long since ceased to utter a word of complaint, yet there was a settled melancholy in his eye, which gave an interest to his appearance, and which would have induced every person who saw him, to say as he passed—There goes a MAN OF SORROW.

He had left off singing—because the words of every song he knew, applied to himself and his ills ; he had abandoned playing—because every air he practised reminded him of some misfortune ; he had relinquished drawing—because the only views he could remember were scenes of happier days, the contrast to which he

could not bear. Thus robbed of his amusements, he determined to seek a quiet retreat for a few days, where he flattered himself fate could not find him out.

But he was mistaken, love, justice, and fortune, all of them stone blind as they are, contrive to take a peep when the recovery of their eyesight is to do themselves a service; Musgrave was not to expect because he had reached the *Land's end*, that he had reached the end of his earthly misfortunes, if he did, as my readers will see, he, as usual, was disappointed.

On his arrival at ——— the village by the sea, he found it completely full of company, the influx of which proved to proceed from two causes, a fair *in* the place, and a county sessions near it.

On applying therefore at one of the principal inns, he could get no bed, and having tried them all, could not find room any where to lay his bones at rest, except in one house, where he was reduced to the alternative of sleeping in a double-

bedded room, and partaking its shelter with a stranger, or not sleeping at all.

He therefore desired the landlord to tell the gentleman who had taken possession of one of the beds, that if he returned before he had retired for the night, he should be happy to join him in a bottle of wine by way of introduction.

This the man informed his guest of as soon as he arrived, which, however, was not till after Musgrave was in bed, he therefore had no opportunity of making himself known to his companion; who, in good truth, he was not best pleased at dividing his room with, as his name was unknown to the master of the house.

Till his companion had arrived, Musgrave studiously kept awake, and at length the gentleman entered the room, when he heard the following conversation take place to his great satisfaction.

—“ Oh ! very well,” said the stranger as he opened the door, “ I have no objection to the gentleman sleeping there,

provided he does not snore much, but tell me waiter," continued he, "how has the election for —— ended?"

"Ended,"—said the man—"why bless you, sir, colonel Freemore had every vote but twenty-one, and Mr. Musgrave might as well have staid in London for all the good he did here?"

"Poor devil," replied the stranger, "he is a most unfortunate fellow indeed—nothing ever succeeds he undertakes. Is he gone to town?"

"I really don't know, sir," said the waiter, and retired; Edward thought he recognized the voice, and listened with attention to the words which fell from the lips of his partner in the apartment, to discover if possible who they belonged to; he was almost certain it was an acquaintance, and that certainty was complete, when the stranger holding a candle towards the glass, as he took off his neck-cloth, he beheld in his countenance the features of captain MILTON.

This was his old fate, here was he to sleep in company with the debaucher of his wife, and the most inveterate of his enemies.

To have noticed him would have been the height of human imprudence, to lie still and to go to rest, was only to wake to discord and quarrels, to which our hero was not much inclined—he was undecided—miserable—and distressed.

He knew that if they were to meet in the morning, he could command his own temper, revenge he disdained, and as to the affronts and ill treatment Milton had bestowed upon *him* he determined to treat them with the contempt they deserved, as the impertinent actions of an unprincipled puppy, and considered them only as warnings for his future conduct in life, and as beacons whereby he might steer his course through the storms of misfortune.

This mode of defeating malice, by doing right to himself, Musgrave was determined to follow, but he could not be as-

sured that Milton, after the opprobrious terms *he* had used when speaking of him, would be equally placid ; and though the vices of others are the most excellent lessons to ourselves, he feared that his antagonist—betrayed, and *chum*, would feel the spirit of malice rankling in his breast, and following its impulse, commit some action, or utter some expression for which Musgrave, as a man of feeling, honour, and the world, must call him to an account.

Musgrave had no desire to be embroiled in any more quarrels, his courage was known, it had been tried, he had shot an acquaintance, and if that stamped him not a man of honour, adieu to the opinions of society.

He therefore wished, instead of running the risk of encountering him, to avoid him completely ; and resolved, in order to effect his purpose, to rise early, take a morning's stroll by the sea, and by not returning to the house till after Milton was up, preclude the necessity he should other-

wise be under of discovering himself. This scheme no sooner was imagined than it was arranged, and falling into a short sleep he awoke just as the clock was striking six.

Milton was snoring—Musgrave resolved upon rising quietly, seizing the opportunity and slipping out; he accordingly dressed himself with the greatest precaution for fear of disturbing the captain, and opening the door softly, proceeded to the foot of the stairs; which point having gained, he unbarred a hatch which led into the yard, and in a few moments found himself in the open air.

It was a fine spring morning and the sun was shining in all its brilliancy,—Edward loved to hear the roaring sea and watch the billows as they splashingly dashed upon the pebbly shingles, while the tide rolled in with noble violence.

And to enjoy the sublimity of the scene, he climbed down the slippery cliff to the water's very edge, and following the

line of surf upon the sand, walked on for nearly two hours, without perceiving the distance he had gone.

At eight o'clock, looking at his watch, he judged it would be prudent to return, and accordingly set out on his way back, calculating (naturally enough) that it would be ten by the time he reached the inn.

His surmises on the subject were correct, though not armed with an Earnshaw time piece, nor a Dollond telescope, he discovered the village exactly at the very moment he had imagined he should reach it, and was running along the shore, when he was accosted by three men armed with guns and pikes, who commanded him to *stand*.

Without weapons, wholly unprepared for so rough a demand, agitated by the surprize, and a little alarmed at the appearance of the gentlemen, he readily obeyed their summons, and was about to deliver his watch and money, when one of the men informed him that his pro-

perty was not their aim, it was his person they wished to secure, and added that if he would go quietly to the inn with them, no violence whatever would be offered him.

Rather astonished at this proceeding of his attendants, he ventured to inquire the cause of their mysterious conduct; for answer to which interrogatory he was told that, *he* knew what they meant, and all attempts at denial were vain.

Finding himself accused of some crime, the very nature of which he was entirely ignorant of, he entreated to be informed of the nature of the charges against him, but he could get no intelligence from his guards, who merely advised him to confess all, and if he had any accomplices to deliver them up. This pertinacious silence of his companions vexed him, but the consciousness of his perfect innocence of every crime, prevented fear from even getting a moment's ascendancy over him, and with a firm step and an unruffled count-

tenance, did he walk with them to the inn, where he found a considerable number of persons waiting his arrival.

Here his astonishment increased, and it rose almost to stupefaction, when he was carried into a room, and accused before a party of magistrates of the MURDER OF CAPTAIN MILTON !!!

Now he was completely at a loss—the accusation was couched in terms of such a positive nature, that nothing but proof positive in contradiction could at all avail him, and the examination of the witnesses tended to increase the suspicions to such a degree, that the bench of justices assembled for the purpose of investigating the matter, determined upon committing him to take his trial at the next town, where luckily for him the sessions were then holding.

He was accordingly in custody, placed in a post-chaise, and carried to the town where the judges had that morning arrived, and his name being placed on the list, it

was agreed that his trial should come on immediately.

He was asked whether he would prefer a postponement of his arraignment till the next sessions, in order that he might prepare a defence, but his innocence was the only protection he required, and no preparation was necessary to display it; he therefore was brought to the bar immediately after the commission had been opened, and arraigned on the charge of murder, brought against him by the landlord of the inn, where he had slept the preceding night.

Edward chose two of the circuit-going men of law for his counsel, and having expressed to them his total ignorance even of the circumstances alleged against him, (which by the way they did not exactly appear to believe), he instructed them in what defence to make, which was a simple flat denial of the whole charge.

The proceedings being opened by a junior barrister, the leading counsel against him

who had breakfasted with the magistrates, and been present at the examination, began to state the peculiar circumstances of the case, which were such as left no doubt in his mind of the prisoner's guilt, and which he entreated the jury, (a most respectable pannel) to consider well before they pronounced the verdict. He then called the landlord of the inn and his wife, to prove that upon going to the room where Mr. Musgrave and Captain Milton slept, he found it in a state of great disorder, that the floor was thickly covered with blood in various parts, that a neckcloth produced in court marked with Milton's name was found bloody, and that a penknife likewise produced was discovered under the bed.

That upon tracing the blood down the stairs, and following the track it led them to the cliff, and from the cliff to the edge of the water, where they lost it, and where they concluded the prisoner had ridded himself of the body.

That upon searching the house the prisoner was not to be found, and that it had been proved by men who attended the signal post, that a boat, attempting to go to a ship in the offing, had been seen near the shore, that in consequence of adverse wind it returned, and that a man they supposed to be the prisoner, had been seen to land from it, and leap over a ridge in the cliffs, and in that very ridge upon dispatching men properly armed they discovered Musgrave.

The judge asked whether the prisoner had been searched, on being answered in the negative, he desired he might be, in order to discover whether he had robbed the deceased; because, as his lordship properly remarked, there would then have been some reason for his committing murder in order to conceal the theft, but the counsel for the crown with a readiness to accuse, which even in his capacity was neither just nor humane, reminded the noble lord that Musgrave and Milton

were sworn enemies, and that revenge might have stimulated him to the rash act,—such instances having, as he observed, occurred before.

It is to be hoped that this officious observation, would have had no effect upon the jury, but what it might have done, it is impossible to say, and hardly worth surmising, for on searching Musgrave's coat pockets, Milton's pocket book with bank notes, a letter case, and several memoranda, were produced.

These damning testimonies closed the business ; and after a defence from Musgrave, which was, as premised, simple denial, without witness to back it, or event to validate it, the jury retired for ten minutes ; and, after a trial of five hours, returned upon the presumptive evidence, a verdict against Musgrave of **GUILTY**—*Death*.

CHAPTER XV.

“*Dum spiro spero,*”—is a pithy playful piece of Latin enough, and is used as a motto by some mighty clever men in these days, but when life is gone the case is hopeless, so was our *poor hero's*,—convicted by a chain of circumstantial evidence he was sentenced *to die*, an innocent, condemned man.

Would that his instance was a singular one.

He could support himself while free, while uncontrouled there was still a gleam of comfort which illumined his way; but now, shackled with fetters, confined to a dungeon and the next morning to die a disgraceful death,—the very idea was

enough to have saved the executioner the trouble of doing his office.

To add to the horrors (if any thing could) the Jack Ketch of the town was condemned on the same day to die on the same tree with Edward, for the murder of some unfortunate shipwrecked mariners, who had been thrown upon the coast, and whom he had destroyed for the sake of their property,—it was but mere justice for him

“Arte perire suo;”

but the consequence was that as a new Jack Ketch was to make his *debut* in the execution of our hero, in all probability it would be done but bunglingly.

What could be poor Musgrave's sensations, the dungeon in which he was confined was small, loathsome, and dark; no sound entered it but that of the bell of the jail-clock which warned the unhappy victim of suspicion how short a time he had to live.

To live ! what, was the innocent, candid, frank, ingenuous Edward to perish in his youth, die a disgraceful and an unjust death ? Yes,—his ill-fortune pursued him to the last moment of his existence, it hastened him to the hour of extermination,—it was his destiny,—it was irrevocable,—to have learned to DIE, and to be ready for that awful day which puts the last and finishing stroke to our existence, to be prepared for that moment, the test of life whence we are to expect the perfection of earthly toils, is an attainment worthy the hero, the philosopher, the sage, the monarch ; it is the study of true wisdom, for who can enjoy life who is perpetually in fear of losing it ?

Musgrave was young,—but sorrow had made him wise,—it had made him bold, he could meet the day of death with firmness,—but not from the hands of an executioner.

My life, thought he, I value not,—let it be ended,—it has been a life of woe

—but oh, my Harriet, must I never see thee again?—Must these eyes never look again upon that form?—Must these ears never be blessed with the music of thy voice?—Must I part with thee in death?—Yes—yes,—thou wilt yet be happy when I shall be forgotten—but I will write to thee—one short, one last adieu, and then—to DIE.—

With a steady hand he wrote the following note to her he loved the best of human beings.—

“ Angel, dearest of angels.

“ Before this reaches you, I shall have ceased to live ;—the hand which pens these words will be in the cold cold grave,—the damp dew of death will have chilled my body, and the heart which only beats for you will be still ; the filmy mist will have for ever darkened these eyes that have so often gazed upon you ; and the tongue that moved in your praise will be eternally mute, —do not imagine me guilty of the crime

for which I suffer,—enclosed is a copy of my trial,—I am innocent.—May he who in his goodness knows my truth, when I say so,—watch over my Harriet,—guard her as she slumbers and protect her with his mercy,—oh! my best beloved on earth what have I done to irritate my Creator against me?—pray for me,—think of me—your supplications will reach the ears of Providence,—the prayers of innocents must prevail. Farewel—farewel,—farewel.

——Jail, *Edward Musgrave."*

Having with perfect composure finished the above letter, he inclosed in it a copy of his trial; and having directed it, he began to reflect by what art he might avoid the disgrace of a public execution.—

Various modes suggested themselves, till at length it glanced into his mind that by requesting some refreshment, if the keeper would allow him any, he would of course be furnished with a knife, and thus armed

he might by one bold and well directed blow relieve himself from the only part of death he feared, —the disgrace.

Having therefore requested some nourishment, the gaoler, with a humanity which many of the tribe are much superior to, immediately complied with Musgrave's desire, and returned with some cold meat and some wine ; the obtaining which, he observed, was contrary to the rules of the prison, and subjected him to the loss of his situation.

Edward of course remunerated him well for the risque he ran, and desired to be left alone.—The man obeyed his wish, and the distracted youth swallowing a bumper of wine to inspire him with strength,—knelt down and uttered a short prayer to heaven—which finished, with a cool deliberation, and a firm and steady hand, raising the pointed knife he struck with all his force against his breast.—and yet remained unhurt!—astonished—unconscious what preserved him, he

sought for the substance which warded off the blow—and drawing it from his bosom,—beheld—his MOTHER'S PICTURE !

It was a tacit appeal from a guardian angel—could it be resisted ?—No.—He was reformed—and threw the weapon from him with a start of horror.

Blest spirit of the best of parents—and of women, with my whole heart do I thank thee,—mother,—angel, to thy interference do I owe my preservation from the crime of suicide—infidel that I was, to have dared to attempt an act, gross as the one for which I am about to suffer innocently.——

He stopped—he gazed on the painting—it spoke a world of words—a world of comfort—there was the smile—the mother's smile of love—and what smile equals it ?—the very look—the very form—yes—she that had given him birth—sustenance—she that had nurtured—train-

ed him—she that had preserved him even after death—there was a sanctity about the very likeness of her, that was a charm—he felt its influence.

“Oh God,”—he exclaimed choaking with grief,—“when I remember how those lips have kissed me,—how that hand has cherished me,—how that tongue advised me, and think that all that excellence is mouldered into dust, with what contempt do I consider earth and its enjoyments,—mother,—mother,”—cried he,—kissing the portrait, “if thy sainted soul can see thy child—look into the breast he would have pierced—read, read my heart, and know from it what are my desires—my hopes—my wishes.”

The hour of her death had recurred to his imagination, he had seen her in the black coffin stretched in funereal pomp—followed by all who knew her—by their tears—their sighs—but he was to be exposed—reviled—killed by the common

executioner of the law—for MURDER—the worst of crimes, and this—the worst of murders.

The picture was too striking, and he fell senseless on the stone pavement of his prison.

The clanking of his fetters and the weight of his fall called in the turnkey who was in waiting, and he was roused from his insensibility by the arrival of a clergyman, who kindly had offered his assistance to the unhappy culprit in his devotions.

The good pastor's figure was the most impressive that ever was seen, his grey hairs thinly scattered over his aged head, waved loose in the wind; his aged limbs could hardly support him, and his sight was so weak that he was led into the cell by the keeper.

He appeared much agitated as he approached Edward, who as yet had hardly observed him, and drawing his trembling

hand across his forehead, he accosted him by name.

Edward started, and raised himself to receive the pious man—he needed not *his* voice to remind him of his situation—but the clergyman waved his hand to the gaoler, who bowed and retired.

“ Mr. Musgrave,” said the venerable man, “ to see you I have long desired—to see you thus—rather had I died in ignorance of you—rather had I fallen myself, than that you in the flower of your youth and blossom of your sins, should thus be cut off, a victim to an ungovernable passion of revenge.”

“ Sir,” replied Musgrave,—“ I have not the honour to know by whom I am addressed,—but your cloth demands respect—demands ingenuousness, and on my knees before MY GOD and you, I solemnly protest my innocence.”

“ Young man,” replied the clergyman, “ the proofs of guilt against you are stubborn ones, presumptive evidence in cases

of murder, is all that can be looked for, and in your instance, sorry, miserable am I to confess I see no possibility of its being erroneous—your judges are humane ones—the jury most respectable, but on the face of testimony there is so complete a substantiation of the charge against you, that their duty as fellow creatures, and as pillars of the constitution, demanded the verdict they returned : they have not the power to make the law—but are governed by laws already made—you, Musgrave, are convicted and condemned by those laws and I—I am selected to attend you in your dying moments.”

“For heaven’s sake why so interested for me?” enquired Edward.

“For you young man?—interested for you?—you little know by what ties I am bound to you—they are inviolable ones, which now are not to be disclosed ; I will discover myself to you before that fatal hour in which you are to die,—it is my duty now to speak the consolation to your soul

that a good christian always can impart to another.—Tell me then seriously—and religiously—what provocation excited your animosity against Milton, I have enquired of the counsel himself, who taxed you in the course of the trial with a disposition to revenge, but he refused to explain *to me* the cause of irritation against that unhappy young man.

“Oh, sir,”—said Musgrave—“is it possible you are ignorant of my fate in life, and yet seem to know me so thoroughly?—It is the ground I have to be revengeful, that strengthens the suspicion of my being so.—Milton, sir, was my friend, *a modern man of honour*, who, coward as he was, would not have hesitated to present a pistol to the breast of an acquaintance, lest he should be *thought* a coward.—He was the *friend* of my wife—and in a manner *highly becoming* such an *amiable* character came into my family to blast my peace and wound my very heart—my heart of hearts.—”

“By what action did he inflict this poig-

nant wound?"—said the old man, trembling at Musgrave's violence.

"What, are you ignorant of *that* too, sir?" enquired Edward,—“the spirit of *gallantry* led him to one excess, as the spirit of *honour* (if I may be allowed the term) conducted him to another,—his plans laid, my absence watched, my servants bribed, this serpent—villain, while I was from home debauched my WIFE.”

“Your wife!—Oh God can it be possible?” cried the clergyman.

“Yes, sir,—she yielded to him,—left me,—my house,—my connexions,—and is now,—how shall I speak it?—Yes,—a common prostitute.—

“Gracious God, forgive her!”—exclaimed the old man falling on his knees.—

“She has been detected in a theft—a felon—she has been——”

———“Hold, hold for heaven's sake, Musgrave,—stay—you have said enough,—my heart is broken.”

“Yours, sir,” cried Edward.—“Mine?—yes, mine.—In me, in the comforter of your dying moments,—you behold the miserable FATHER OF YOUR DELUDED FANNY.”

Here Mr. Wilding’s voice failed, and he fell back on a chair entirely exhausted.

“Fool that I was,” said Edward to himself—to speak thus—he warned me by his confession of a connection with me—the dreadful secret of his child’s infamy has hitherto been kept from him—what can I do, what can I say to him?”

Wilding still remained as it were lifeless—Edward’s eyes glaring upon him with all the wildness of a maniac—when the door suddenly opening, the gaoler appeared attended by another man, who was come to knock off the unhappy prisoner’s irons, previous to his execution, which was to take place in one short hour.—

Edward received him with a callous smile,—and begging that the business

might be performed somewhere where the noise might not alarm Mr. Wilding desired the gaoler to attend the old gentleman till he returned, which he did in about ten minutes, the galling fetters having been struck from his legs.

Mr. Wilding, after remaining senseless for some time, recovered sufficiently to take an affectionate leave of Musgrave, and having implored a blessing for him without having strength enough to enquire further into his daughter's disgrace, leaning on the arm of the humane gaoler he quitted the dungeon.

Musgrave was again left to himself to wonder upon the *rencontre* which had just taken place, and was roused from his melancholy reverie, as he glanced his fearful eye round his gloomy apartment by observing that there were no bars on the window which admitted the light, and though it was so high up in the wall that he could not see out of it, he could perceive that it

was perfectly large enough to admit him through its aperture, and the only difficulties he saw to hinder his taking advantage of the moment to escape, were the impossibility of reaching the opening, and the uncertainty whither it might lead when he had.

The first of these obstacles to his flight he overcame by piling the chair upon the table, with which his apartment was furnished, and the other was surmounted when, upon climbing to the top of his ingeniously-raised fabric, he saw that by dropping out of the window he should light in a meadow which appeared unfrequented, and which, from being enclosed, with hedges promised shelter to him in his flight.

Well weighing in his mind the suspicions that his absconding would raise, and the confirmation it would give to those already created to his prejudice ; he on the other hand considered the possibility which his living might afford of his ex-

operation from the charge of crimes, which if he submitted quietly to his fate, would either be delayed till after his death, or perhaps never occur at all.

Under these circumstances, he considered it a prudent step (even putting the salvation of his life out of the question) to fly from the condign punishment to which he would inevitably be led in a few minutes, and to endeavour by a diligent enquiry into the circumstances of Milton's murder, to discover the real perpetrator of the bloody deed, and thus clear himself in the eyes of the world, and make *them* as conscious of his innocence as he was *himself*.

Having therefore made up his mind to all the difficulties and misfortunes he would almost certainly encounter in his progress, he took courage, and leaping from the window no sooner reached the ground, than trusting to those limbs which have served many a greater man than himself—his legs—he set off at a brisk pace,

whither he knew not ; but, thinking it wisest to keep away from the beaten paths, he struck across the fields, and soon lost sight of his prison.

END OF VOL. II.

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